THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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PARNELL'S BIG BATTLE.

In Spite of False Friends and Open Foes, He Rends the Veil from the Faces of the English Hypocrites.

Gladstone's Treacherous Letter and Parnell's Powerful and Memorable Reply—One of the Most Exciting Chapters in Anglo-Irish History.

GLADSTONE'S LETTER.

LONDON, Nov. 25—At the request of Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Morley has communicated to Mr. Parnell the following letter written on Monday:

"DEAR MR. MORLEY: Having arrived at a certain conclusion with regard to the continuance of Mr. Parnell's leadership of the Irish party, I have seen Mr. McCarthy on my arrival in town and have inquired from him whether I am likely to receive from Mr. Parnell himself any communication on the subject. Mr. McCarthy replied that he was unable to give me any information. I mentioned to him that in 1882 after the terrible murders in Phœnix Park, Mr. Parnell, although totally removed from any idea of responsibility, had spontaneously written to me and offered to take the Chiltern hundreds, an offer much to his honor, but which I thought it my duty to decline. While clinging to the hope of a communication from Mr. Parnell, to whomsoever addressed, I thought it necessary, viewing the arrangements for the commencement of the session tomorrow, to acquaint Mr. McCarthy with the conclusion at which, after using all the means of observation and reflection in my power, I had myself arrived. It was that, notwithstanding the splendid services rendered by Mr. Parnell to his country, his continuance at the present moment in the leadership would be productive of consequences disastrous in the highest degree to the cause of Ireland. I think I may be warranted in asking you so far to expand the conclusions given above as to add that Mr. Parnell's continuance as leader would not only place many hearty and effective friends of the Irish cause in a position of great embarrassment, but would render my retention of the leadership of the Liberal party, based as it has been mainly upon the prosecution of the Irish cause, almost a nullity. The expansion of my views I begged Mr. McCarthy to regard as confidential and not intended for his colleagues generally, if he found that Mr. Parnell contemplated spontaneous action; but I also begged that he would make known to the Irish party at their meeting tomorrow that such was my conclusion if he should find that Mr. Parnell had not in contemplation any step of the nature indicated. I now write you in case Mr. McCarthy should be unable to communicate with Mr. Parnell, as I understand you may possibly have an opening tomorrow through another channel. Should you have such an opening I beg you to make known to Mr. Parnell the conclusion stated in this letter. I have thought it best to put it in terms simple and direct, much as I should have liked had it lain in my power to alleviate the personal nature of the situation as respects the manner of conveying what my public duty has made it an obligation to say. I rely entirely on your good feeling, tact, and judgment. WM. E. GLADSTONE."

In a postcript to his letter to Mr. Morley Mr. Gladstone hinted, not obscurely, that if Mr. Parnell retained the leadership of the Nationalist party he should feel it necessary to reconsider his own position, as all probability of carrying home rule during his lifetime would have disappeared.

PARNELL'S ANSWER.

The following is the manifesto issued by Mr. Parnell:

"TO THE IRISH PEOPLE: The integrity and independence of a section of the Irish Parliamentary party having been apparently sapped and destroyed by the wire pullers of the Liberal party, it has become necessary for me as leader of the Irish party to take counsel with you, and, having given you the knowledge which is in my possession, to ask your judgment upon a matter which now solely devolves upon you to decide. The letter from Mr. Gladstone to Mr. Morley, written for the purpose of influencing the decision of the Irish party in the choice of their leader and claiming for the Liberals and their leaders the right of veto upon the choice, is the immediate cause of this address, the purpose of which is to remind you and your parliamentary representatives that Ireland considers the independence of her party as her only safeguard within the constitution and above and beyond all other considerations whatever. The threat in that letter repeated so insolently on many English platforms and in numerous British newspapers, that unless Ireland concedes this right of veto to England she will indefinitely postpone her chance of obtaining home rule, compels me, while not for a moment admitting the slightest possibility of such a loss, to put before you information which until now, so far as my colleagues are concerned, has been solely in my possession and which will enable you to understand the measure of loss with which you are threatened unless you consent to throw me to the English wolves now howling for my destruction.

"In November of last year, in response to a repeated and long standing request, I visited Mr. Gladstone at Hawarden and received the details of the intended proposals of himself and his colleagues of the late liberal cabinet with regard to home rule in the event of the next general election favoring the Liberal party. It is unnecessary for me to do more at present than to direct your attention to certain points of these details, which will be generally recognized as embracing elements vital for your information and the formation of your judgment. These vital points of difficulty may be suitably arranged and considered under the following heads:

"1. The retention of Irish members in the imperial parliament.

"2. The settlement of the land or agrarian difficulty in Ireland.

"3 The control of the Irish constabulary.

'4 The appointment of the judiciary, including judges of the Supreme court, County court judges and resident magistrates.

"Upon the subject of the retention of Irish members in parliament Mr. Gladstone told me that the opinion—and the unanimous opinion of his colleagues and himself recently arrived at after most mature consideration of alternative proposals—was that in order to conciliate English public opinion it would be necessary to reduce Irish representation from 103 to 32 Upon the settlement of the land question it was held that this was one of the questions which must be regarded as questions reserved from the control of the Irish legislature, but at the same time Mr. Gladstone intimated that while he would renew his attempt to settle the matter by imperial legislation on the lines of the Land Purchase bill of 1886 he would not undertake to put any pressure upon his own side or insist upon their adopting his views—in other and shorter words, that the Irish legislature was not to be given the power of solving the agrarian difficulties.

"With regard to the control of the Irish constabulary, it was stated by Mr. Gladstone that, in view of the necessity of conciliating English public opinion, he and his colleagues felt that it would be necessary to leave this force and the appointment of its officers under control of the imperial authority for an indifinite period, while funds for its maintenance, payment and equipment would be compulsorily provided out of the Irish revenues. A period of ten or twelve years was suggested as the limit of the time during which the appointment of judges and resident magistrates should be retained in the hands of the imperial authorities.

"I have now given a short account of what I gathered of Mr. Gladstone's views and those of his colleagues during the two hours' conversation at Hawarden, a conversation which, I am bound to admit, was mainly monopolized by Mr. Gladstone, and will pass to my own expressions of opinion upon these communications, which represent my views then and now; and, firstly, with regard to the retention of the Irish members. The position which I have always adopted, and which I then represented, is that with the concession of full powers to an Irish legislature equivalent to those enjoyed by a State of the American union the number and position of the members so retained would become a question of imperial concern and not of pressing or immediate importance for the interests of Ireland, but that with the important and all-engrossing subjects of agrarian reform, constabulary control and judiciary appointments left either under imperial control or totally unprovided for it would be the height of madness for any Irish leader to imitate Grattan's example and consent to disband an army which had cleared the way to victory.

"I further undertook to use every legitimate influence to reconcile Irish public opinion to the gradual coming into force of new privileges and to the postponements necessary for English opinion with regard to constabulary control and judicial appointments, but I strongly dissented from the proposed reduction of the number of members during the interval of probation, and I pointed to the absence of any suitable prospect of land settlement by either parliament as a constitutional and overwhelming drag upon the prospects of permanent peace and prosperity in Ireland.

'At the conclusion of the interview I was informed that Mr. Gladstone and all his colleagues were entirely agreed that pending a general election silence should be absolutely preserved with regard to any points of difference on the question of the retention of the Irish members. I have dwelt at some length upon these subjects, but not, I think, disproportionately to their importance. Let me say in addition that if and when full powers are conceded to Ireland over her own domestic affairs the integrity, number and independence of the Irish party will be a matter of no importance. But until this ideal is reached, it is your duty and mine to hold fast to every safeguard. I need not say that the question, the vital and important question, of the retention of the Irish members on one hand, and indefinite delay in granting full powers to an Irish legislature on the other, gave me great concern. The absence of any provision for the settlement of the agrarian question—of any policy—on the part of the Liberal leaders filled me with concern and apprehension. On the introduction of the Land Purchase bill by the government at the commencement of the last session, Mr. Morley communicated with me as to the course to be adopted.

"Having regard to the avowed absence of any policy on the part of the Liberal leaders with regard to the matter of the Land bill, I strongly advised Mr. Morley against any direct challenge of the principle of state aided land purchase, and finding that the fears and alarm of the English taxpayers to state aid by the hypothecation of grants for local purposes in Ireland as a counter guaranty had been assuaged, that the hopeless struggle against the principle of the measure should not be maintained and that we should direct our sole efforts on the second reading of the bill to the assertion of the principle of local control—in this I am bound to say Mr. Morley entirely agreed with me, but he was at the same time much hampered and expressed his sense of his position in that direction by the attitude of the extreme section of his party led by Labouchere, and in a subsequent interview he impressed upon me the necessity of meeting the second reading of the bill with a direct negative and asked me to undertake the motion.

"I agreed to this, but only on condition that I was not to attack the principle of the measure but to confine myself to criticism of its details, I think this was false strategy, but it was the strategy adopted out of regard to English prejudices and radical peculiarities. I did the best possible under the circumstances and the several days' debate on the second reading contrasts favorably with Mr. Labouchere's recent abortive attempt to interpose a direct negative to the first reading of a similar bill yesterday.

"Time went on, the government allowed its attention to be distracted from the question of land purchase by a bill compensating English publicans and the agrarian difficulty in Ireland was again relegated to the future of another session.

'Just before the commencement of this session I was again favored with another interview with Mr. Morley. I impressed upon him the policy of an oblique method of procedure with reference to land purchase and the necessity and importance of providing for the question of local control and of limitation in the application of funds. He agreed with me and I offered to move, on the first reading of the bill, an amendment in favor of this local control, advising that if this was rejected it might be left to the radicals on the second reading to oppose the principle of the measure. This appeared to be the proper course, and I left Mr. Morley under the impression that this would fall to my duty. In addition he made me a remarkable proposal.

"Referring to the probable approaching victory of the Liberal party at the polls he suggested some considerations as to the future of the Irish party, and he asked me whether I would be willing to assume the office of chief secretary for Ireland or whether I would allow another member of my party to take the position. He also put before me the desirability of filling one of the law offices of the crown in Ireland by a legal member of my party. I told him, amazed as I was at the proposal, that I could not agree to forfeit in any way the independence of the party or any of its members; that the Irish people had trusted me in this movement because they believed that the declaration I had made to them at Cork in 1880 was a true one and represented my conviction, and that I would on no account depart from it. I considered that after the declaration we had repeatedly made the proposal of Mr. Morley that we should allow ourselves to be absorbed into English politics was one based upon an entire misconception of our position with regard to our Irish constituencies and of the pledges we had given.

"In conclusion he directed my attention to the plan of campaign estates. He said that it would be impossible for the Liberal party when it attained power to do anything for these evicted tenants by direct action and that it would also be impossible for the Irish parliament under the powers conferred to do anything for them, and, flinging up his hands with a gesture of despair, he exclaimed: 'Having been in Tipperary I do not know what to propose in regard to the matter.' I told him this question was a limited one; that I did not see that he need allow himself to be hampered by its future consideration; that funds would be available from America and elsewhere for the support of those tenants as long as might be necessary; that, of course, I understood that it was a difficulty, but that it was a limited one and should not be allowed to interfere with the general interests of the country. I allude to this matter only because within the last few days a strong argument in many minds for my expulsion has been that unless the Liberals come into power at the next general election the plan of campaign tenants will suffer. As I have shown, the Liberals propose to do nothing for the plan of campaign tenants by direct action when they come into power, but I am entitled to ask that the existence of these tenants, whom I have supported in every way in the past and whom I shall continue to support in the future, shall not constitute a reason for my expulsion from Irish politics.

"I have repeatedly pledged myself to stand by these evicted tenants and that they shall not be allowed to suffer, and I believe that the Irish people throughout the world will support me in this policy. Sixteen years ago I conceived the idea of an Irish parliamentary party, independent of all English parties. Ten years ago I was elected leader of the independent Irish parliamentary party. During these ten years this party has remained independent, and because of its independence it has forced upon the English people the necessity of granting home rule to Ireland. I believe that the party will obtain home rule, only provided that it remains independent of any English party.

"I do not believe that any action of the Irish people in supporting me will endanger the home rule cause or postpone the establishment of an Irish parliament. But even if the danger with which we are threatened by the Liberal party of today were to be realized I believe that the Irish people throughout the world would agree with me that postponement would be preferable to a compromise of our national rights by the acceptance of a measure which would not realize the aspirations of our race.

"I have the honor to remain your faithful servant,

CHARLES STEWART PARNELL."

Dedication of St. Thomas' Church.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Feehan will dedicate St. Thomas' church, Kimbark avenue and 55th street, Hyde Park, next Sunday, Dec. 14th. The procession will form on Cottage Grove avenue and 51st street at 9 o'clock a. m. All Catholic societies are invited to attend, and are respectfully requested to be promptly in line. The church edifice is 120 feet long by 80 feet wide, and is beautifully decorated. The altar is magnificent and cost $5 000 The exercises on Sunday will be very impressive. Weber's mass will be rendered by a full choir, composed of the leading artists of the city.

PIGOTT AND HIS PATRONS.

Unionism and Crime—How Dynamite Plots Were Arranged.

Startling Revelations.

[From Davitt's Labor World.]

We have now reached the end of the first part of our story. We have been occupied so far, practically, with the doings of James McDermott. We now come to the more historic, though not less infamous, part which Richard Pigott has played in "Unionism and Crime." Before, however, we open up the chapter of Pigott's writings and doings in the service of the enemies of the Irish cause and its leaders, we will summarize the facts we have established, and the charges we have explicitly made against the employers of "Red Jim," the Dublin Castle spy.

(1) We traced the origin of the dynamite movement to a meeting which was held in Philadelphia in July, 1880, which was called by O'Donovan Rossa, and attended, among others, by James McDermott.

(2) At this meeting McDermott laid down what he called a "Nihilist policy against England," to be carried out in Great Britain and Ireland, and openly advocated the use of dynamite in the furtherance of that policy, after which speech this meeting, in formal resolution, denounced the Land League and its constitutional leaders.

(3) We have shown how, in October, 1882, this same James McDermott was enlisted in the secret service of the then British consul in New York, Sir Edward M. Archibald.

(4) That Sir Edward Archibald, at McDermott's suggestion, gave $100 to be contributed to O'Donovan Rossa's dynamite fund.

(5) That Sir Edward Archibald was requested by Mr. Jenkinson of Dublin Castle to send McDermot to Ireland.

(6) That McDermott met Mr Jenkinson, under the name of "Mr. Jones," at the Railway hotel, in Holyhead, early in 1883.

(7) That immediately afterwards McDermott was going about in Dublin advocating dynamite and a policy of violence.

(8) That he was next found in Cork, where he attended a meeting of five or six men, and proposed the blowing up of the government stores in Cork harbor.

(9) That he gave money to a man named Featherstone, and to another named Deasy, for the purchase of explosives; that he gave Deasy a recipe for the manufacture of nitro-glycerine; that he sent Deasy with explosives to Liverpool, with a note to a man named Flanagan, which was signed, in McDermott's writing, "Featherstone"; that these three men were arrested, tried, and sentenced to penal servitude for life, for the possession of dynamite furnished by McDermott.

(10) That McDermott next proceeded to London, and, by similar means to those resorted to by him in Cork, succeeded in securing the arrest of men with whom he had planned dynamite outrages for the blowing up of the house of commons and other government buildings.

(11) That McDermott in a letter to O'Donovan Rossa on April 3, 1883, has told, over his own name, the part which he played in the Cork, Liverpool, and London dynamite plots.

(12) That McDermott tried to organize in Paris similar dynamite conspiracies, and that while in that city he cashed a draft for 50,000 francs, payable to him under the name of "Robert Nunan," for the work which he had done for Dublin Castle in Cork, Liverpool, and London.

(13) That shortly after arriving in New York in June, 1883, he was sent to Canada by orders of Mr. Hoare, the present British consul in New York, to carry on a dynamite agitation in the Dominion, and that money from Mr. Hoare was given to him for that purpose.

(14) That Mr. Hoare requested Mr. Jenkinson, of Dublin Castle, to write to the Canadian government to obtain its permission for McDermott to perform the work which he was sent to perform, which permission the Canadian government peremptorily refused.

(15) That McDermott endeavored, while in Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, and other Canadian cities, to entice Irishmen into dynamite plots, as he had succeeded in doing in Cork, Liverpool, and London.

(16) That, after his flight from New York, he was arrested by the orders of Mr. Jenkinson, and taken before a stipendiary magistrate in Liverpool, with the intention of deceiving both the magistrate and the public, and especially the Irishmen of Liverpool, as to the real character of the spy.

(17) That, although he was arrested on the charge of complicity in the so called conspiracy at Cork, he was ultimately spirited away from Waltham gaol by an agent of Mr. Jenkinson and taken to Switzerland.

(18) That from that time until now he has been in the receipt of secret service money for the work he has done for Dublin Castle and the intelligence department of the home office.

(19) We have also introduced the case of John Daly and James Egan, who were tried at the Warwick assizes on Aug. 1, 1884; and we have proved, on the testimony of Ald. Manton, of Birmingham, and the admissions of the chief of police of that city, that the bombs which were found upon the prisoner Daly, and for the possession of which he was sentenced to penal servitude for life, were given to him by an agent of the Royal Irish constabulary.

(20) We have made each and all of these charges deliberately and directly, and we have supported them by evidence which, we believe, has convinced those who have followed our story with an open mind, of their truthfulness.

Mr. Hoare, the British consul in New York, has attempted to "bluff" us with an indignant denial of our statements. We have issued a challenge to Mr. Hoare to instruct his legal representatives in London to proceed against the *Labor World* for libel, and to vindicate himself in a court of law from the allegations we have made against him. To this challenge we have received no reply. Mr. Hoare contents himself by saying "he leaves the matter in the hands of the home government." Very well, we invite the home government, whoever or whatever that expression means, to act as his substitute, and to put to the test of a judicial proceeding the truth or otherwise of the charges we have made against him and other government officials. All we desire to say here, at the end of the first part of these papers, is, that our indictment against Dublin Castle officials is not yet complete—not by a long way. We shall add considerably to the list of charges already preferred against persons in the pay of Dublin Castle, who have organized and paid for the commission of crime, for the double purpose of dipping their hands in the secret service funds, and of casting a stigma upon the Irish cause and upon the leaders of the Irish people.

PART II.

It is with considerable reluctance we approach the task of writing the part which Richard Pigott played in Unionism and Crime. The wretched man has passed beyond the judgment of this world. His self-inflicted death has removed him from the domain of justice to that of mercy, and the grave should shield him even from the attacks of those whose characters and reputation he did his best to destroy. It is not, however, in any the least possible spirit of an attack that the writer undertakes the labor of politically exhuming the personality of the author of the forged letters. It is not Pigott we wish to expose, but those who used him as their instrument in an infamous conspiracy, which had for aim and object the wreckage of a movement in which the hopes and aspirations of the Irish nation were centered. To lay bare to the public ken of Great Britain the means which were employed to effect this end makes it absolutely necessary for us to deal with the part which Pigott played in the political game which culminated in the anti climax of the Special Commission.

Pigott's cross examination by Sir Charles Russell, and his subsequent confessions, revealed more of the man's own infamy than of the culpable action of those who employed him. The "conspiracy behind the forged letters" would have been fully gone into and revealed if the agent of the conspirators had not been induced by agents of the *Times* to leave the country in the manner which lent such dramatic interest to the most vital part of the Parnell Commission proceedings. But although Pigott fled to Madrid from the side of Mr. Shannon, by the aid of *Times* money he did not take with him facts and evidence which can establish that which would have been made clear by the man's own confession, had he been permitted to testify fully before Sir James Hannen.

These facts and this evidence it will be our duty to place before the public in order to supplement the counter case of accusation which was made against the *Times* and its abettors by the Irish leaders, both in the commission, in parliament, and in the press. A great deal of what has been alleged against the *Times*, the I. L. P. U., and her majesty's present government, has already been substantiated. In the debates which followed the publication of the commission report in the house of commons and in the indictment which was contained in the speech of Mr. Thomas Sexton, M. P., the government has been convicted of active complicity in the *Times* plot. It was proved to a demonstration that here in London, in Ireland, and in America agents of the government were placed at the disposal of Mr. Soames for the purpose of helping the *Times* to establish its case against Mr. Parnell and the Irish Parliamentary party.

We will add considerably to the evidence which Mr. Sexton adduced in that remarkable speech. We will also establish, by indisputable proof, that the chief Tory organs of London, with some of their provincial and Irish contemporaries, were for years paying Richard Pigott for contributions similar in character to the joint production of Woulfe Flanagan, and Pigott, which appeared in the *Times* under the names of "Parnellism and Crime."

Before, however, we go into this matter, it may not be amiss to give a brief sketch of Richard Pigott previous to the events which made him for a time the most talked-of man in the English-speaking world.

Richard Pigott was of obscure origin. His father was a native of the county Meath. Pigott senior made his way to Dublin, where he was for some time employed as a clerk in the office of the *Tablet*, a publication then edited by the late Frederick Lucas. The elder Pigott was at one period in the service of a government contractor, named Purcell, who, previous to the year 1840, undertook the conveyance of the Irish mails from Dublin to the provinces. George Pigott, the father of Richard, next obtained a position on the staff of a newspaper called the *Monitor*, then published in Lower Abbey street, Dublin, upon premises subsequently occupied by the *Nation*.

It was after the foundation of the *Nation*, in 1842, that Richard Pigott made his debut in the humble role of an office boy. He divided his time between addressing the wrappers of the newspapers to the subscribers, running errands and doing the sundry odd jobs which are assigned to such a lad in the offices of a public journal. After some years he transferred his services to a newspaper published in Belfast by Mr. Denis Holland, the *Ulsterman*. Here he learned a good deal of the commercial branch of the newspaper business, and when Mr. Holland afterwards changed the name of his newspaper to the *Irishman*, and transferred the publication offices to Dublin, he placed Richard Pigott as manager in charge of the commercial department.

The *Irishman* does not appear to have been any great financial success in the hands of its conductors at this period, and Mr. Holland disposed of it to the late Mr. P. J. Smyth, a well known Irish patriot and politician, who was for some years one of the Irish representatives at Westminster, where he displayed remarkable oratorical abilities. In Mr. Smyth's hands the *Irishman* was also financially a failure, and about 1865 he transferred its ownership to Richard Pigott for a merely nominal figure.

The Fenian party, who were then very powerful in Ireland, started an organ of their own in 1863 called the *Irish People* A couple of years later the staff were arrested and the paper suppressed.

This afforded Pigott an opening, which he shrewdly availed himself of, by advocating the cause of Fenianism. The result was that the sale of his paper went up at a bound to about 50 000 a week—a large sale in those days. Many of the contributions to the paper were boldly and vigorously written in defense of the Fenian prisoners and the Irish revolutionary movement, and the consequence was that Pigott became, as the proprietor of the *Irishman*, a somewhat prominent personality in the press politics of the time in Ireland. The income which he derived from the *Irishman* about this period has been estimated at about £2,000 a year.

Pigott's position as editor and proprietor of the *Irishman* and the *Flag of Ireland* newspapers, the reputed organs of the physical force party, gave him exceptional opportunities of learning whatever "secrets" belonged to the revolutionary bodies. Though never an enrolled Fenian, it was generally believed he was either a member of the Supreme Council, or, at least, one of the leading lights of the secret organization. He encouraged this belief when speaking or writing to members or subordinate officers, in order to be made the repository of a confidence which he could turn to account as opportunity might offer. He was trusted almost implicitly by men who knew him intimately as a most consummate schemer, but who found him and his papers useful tools for their own political ends. He was thus enabled to levy his blackmail right and left, almost with impunity. Fair trial funds in connection with the various Fenian prosecutions, relief funds for the families of convicted conspirators, and special appeals for similar deserving causes—all came more or less under his control, and enabled him to pilfer the moneys of the generous and too confiding subscribers. To their shame, be it recorded, men in his employment, who knew of his dishonesty, maintained a silence about it which made them accomplices in guilty knowledge of many a heartles act of robbery which he committed. On one occasion the sum of £600 reached him from America for the families of imprisoned Fenians. He inserted an acknowledgment of the money in the *Irishman*, and had a small number of copies struck off which represented the number of subscribers to the paper in the city from whence the money came, and he then had the acknowledgment taken out, and the whole week's edition of the paper printed without a word appearing about the large sum having come into his hands.

Pigott was perfectly impartial in his scheming and thieving. He found revolutionists and constitutionalists trusting or using him, and he made them pay for the attention he bestowed upon them. When the late Mr. Isaac Butt founded the Home Rule movement, Pigott subjected him and many of his colleagues to a systematic blackmailing. He threatened them with the active opposition of the Fenian organization, declaring that if he was not relieved from his pecuniary difficulties he would be compelled to make terms with others. The sum of £1,100 was immediately guaranteed him by Mr. Butt, Mr. Mitchell Henry, and a few other prominent Irish members of parliament, who were consequently lauded in the columns of the *Irishman* until its proprietor's next financial embarrassment compelled him to put the screw on again. In Mr. Butt he always found a squeezable friend in need. The father of the Home Rule movement, great lawyer though he was, fell an easy victim to the practiced schemer, and frequently, when Mr. Butt, who was himself always poor, had not many pounds to spare, he would share with this unconscionable rogue, who knew so well how to play upon the innate goodness and generosity of the last of Ireland's great lawyers. While pretending to uphold Mr. Butt's constitutional policy, Pigott encouraged honest, but hot headed Fenians to organize opposition to the Home Rule organization, and he was indirectly responsible for the open attack which was made upon Mr. Butt's Limerick meeting in 1876, an act which caused many who had previously believed in Fenianism to become its active opponents afterwards. Pigott's last performance of this kind before attempting to exploit to the Land League was to induce the late Lord Francis Conyngham to go guarantee for him for £600 in one of the Dublin banks.

From the very inception of the Land League Pigott became its underhand and open enemy. The writer never spoke to him but once in his life, and that was in the office of the *Irishman*, in February, 1878, when, with Messrs. McCarthy, Chambers, and J. P. O'Brien, he called to thank him for his support of the efforts which the Irish members of parliament had been making to obtain our release. We had already called for a similar purpose upon the editors of the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Nation*. The writer of these articles, however, had written to Pigott from penal servitude once. The note so written has a history. The writer was in —— prison, where a friendly warder was found. He was maturing a long-cherished plan of escape, in which at that time lay the only hope of ever regaining liberty, as declining health precluded the possibility of the writer being able to work out the whole of his sentence. Some money was wanted, and the idea of turning "prison poet," with the view of earning, rather than asking, for the money, suggested itself. The stuff was sent surreptitiously to the *Irishman*, with a note explaining that the writer needed a few pounds for a particular purpose. The few pounds never came; but the note, according to Pigott's confession to Mr. Labouchere, was the inspiration of the letter which Pigott afterwards forged for the I. L. P. U., and which Mr. Soames swore was in the handwriting of Mr. Davitt.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XX.

A NIGHT IN OLD DUBLIN.

Leaving the cottage of the fortune teller, Sir Trevor Mortimer proceeded with rapid strides along the path over which he had an hour before retraced his steps, until he came into the outskirts of the city. Then he proceeded in a more leisurely manner until he reached College Green. He was turning his steps towards Eustace street when a hand was laid upon his arm.

He turned round.

A girl's form, dressed in a long cloak, and with the hood thereof descending over her head and partly shading her face—as was the fashion in those days—stood beside him. Without seeing her face, he guessed, not without a sudden spasm of alarm, who she was. When she threw back the hood, thereby disclosing a face that, as seen by the light of the lamp overhead, must once have been one of singular beauty, though now sadly marked by pain and sorrow, his guesses were changed into certainty.

"Alice!"

"You did not expect to see *me* here?"

"No Alice," said he, his surprise changing into warmth of manner. "How could I—from the way we last parted? But I am glad to see you—very, very glad."

"Very glad!" said the girl, wholly taken aback by this unexpected display of friendliness and affection.

"Ay, Alice, delighted. I forgive you everything—if, indeed, it is not I who have a right to expect forgiveness."

"Do you remember how we parted?"

"I only remember to forget it. It was only your love for me that prompted what you did. It was affection and not hatred that urged your hand. I am a changed man, Alice, and during my recovery I often thought of the wrong I had done you, and resolved to make atonement."

"If I could only believe that, Trevor," said the girl, bursting into tears. "Oh! how I have sorrowed over the unhappy act since, and how eagerly I longed for and learned the news of your recovery! But I was mad at the time and did not know what I was doing. I was, indeed. Your words had made me desperate, and——"

"Do not refer to them now, Alice darling," he said, placing his hand on her shoulder with a touch of affection that made her form vibrate, so unusual and unexpected was any symptom of kindness from him. "It was all my fault. But I have learned better since. Will you walk along with me?—it is so odd looking to remain standing here."

Drawing the hood of her cloak once more over her head and face, the slender form of the girl moved beside him—moved closer to him—as if hungering—panting—for the love once hers but long since denied her.

"As I told you, Alice darling," he continued, as they proceeded along, "I am a changed man. I have had too much time for bitter reflection during the period of my recovery. I have had time to think of the wrong I had done you in refusing you your proper title and position. I am now anxious to make atonement."

"Trevor!"

She placed her arm in his in the excess of her joy and love. A paradise seemed to have opened suddenly to her. All the dried up streams of love and affection burst forth again, and welling up, filled her heart with a frenzy of delight and rejoicing.

"Yes, Alice," and he pressed her tiny hand to his side, "you shall have no reason in the future to regret the past. I shall publicly acknowledge you as my wife. I should have done it long ago; but it is not yet too late."

"Oh! Trevor," said the weeping girl—weeping in the excess of her joy at his returned love—"if you but knew the terror, the burning despair, that fell upon me when that evening at Seamore you spoke of our marriage being but a mock marriage performed by a mock clergyman, you would feel how——"

"That is all over and past, Alice. Let us forget what is gone by and only think of the future. We have both erred, and we have both been punished. Listen for a moment, Alice."

She gave his arm a gentle hug, for her heart was too full of unexpected happiness to speak. They had reachd the entrance to Eustace street, and forbore to pass further in the direction of the gleaming lights that showed where the golden youth of Dublin were enjoying themselves at the famous hostelry.

"I am going to reside for some time at a place of mine in Wexford, Alice. I shall have it ready for you to come there in a few weeks. There I shall be ready to acknowledge you as my wife, and after a short time we can return to Dublin. It is better that it should be broken in this way to my friends than all at once and suddenly here. Promise me that you will come."

"I shall go anywhere all over the world with you," said the girl with a burst of affection which might have won upon the most callous heart, "to the ends of the earth—only acknowledge me as your own."

"That I shall do, Alice dear. And as you may not know how or when to come—for I shall be busy getting the place ready for your reception—call to Moya; she will come with you at the proper time."

"Moya!" said the girl with an evident shudder of repugnance. "Do not, Trevor dear—do not ask me to call on her. I fear her, and—and—I dislike her."

"I do not wonder at it, my gentle girl. She is not one with whom I should like you to associate—but in this case she is the only one to whom I can with safety and with secrecy entrust you. Conquer for this one time your dislike, Alice darling, for my sake—for my sake!"

"Whatever you wish, Trevor, I shall do—God knows I shall. I showed that long ago by leaving France to marry you, and by keeping away since from Seamore because you wished it."

"I know you did, Alice. I did not then value your love and constancy, and the sacrifices you had made for me, but I do now. Trust me, Alice, and the future will be brighter with happiness than it seemed of late it could ever be."

"And all the past will be forgotten?"

"Quite, Alice. Even though your hand was raised against me, I know well it was the outpourings of your love—turned astray by my seeming coldness—that prompted it. I said so before; I now say it again."

The girl sobbed in her excess of joy.

"But, Alice, remember—not a word of this to anyone. I need not ask you not to present yourself at Seamore, or make yourself known there, until I shall introduce you as my wife. I know I can trust you to do this. You have yielded to my wishes before in this matter. I am sure you will do so now also. Will you not?"

"I will."

The delighted girl, fluttering with renewed hope and love, readily acceded to his wishes, and gave the required promise. All the old feelings of dread and desperation melted away under the influence of his honeyed words, and with a kiss on her upturned lips from him they parted—he to enter the renowned hostelry in Eustace street, she to whither she had come.

Once inside the hotel he called for a measure of brandy, and tossing off a tumblerful or two, proceeded to the billiard room. The events of the evening, his conversation with Moya, the terrible resolution half formed in her cabin, and the subsequent interview with the subject of that conversation, had stirred a vague feeling of alarm and terror in him—whatever remained in him of conscience was prompting him with a thousand uneasy feelings, to drown which he plunged into the gay company assembled.

The billiard room was ablaze with lights, and full of company; so also the rooms leading off it, devoted to the lesser games of whist and cards. It was a time of much and heavy gambling in the city. Country gentlemen coming up to attend to their parliamentary duties in College Green indulged in it largely, and many a fine estate changed hands of a night over the card table, and many a heavy rental depended upon a lucky cannon or fortunate fluke on the billiard board. Broad acres of southern and western counties were charged with mortgages in the morning for losses sustained over night—never to be redeemed until the Incumbered Estates Court in after years wiped them out, and concurrently swept the estates out of the hands of the unfortunate heirs. Fifty years after, the reckless squandering in the Eagle gambling rooms were to be atoned for in the beggary and ruin of the oldest and proudest names in the annals of the land.

No shadows of coming evil threw a pall over the gay halls of the hotel nor over its high spirited frequenters, as Sir Trevor Mortimer entered the rooms; and, amid the smoke of perfumed Havannas and the clinking of glasses, the clinking of ivory balls fell on his ears. The tables, however, were all occupied; and, too excited to enter into conversation, and too restless to remain an unoccupied spectator, he turned aside into one of the rooms.

"Hallo! Mortimer," said one of a party of three sitting at a table on which were some decanters and tumblers, "you have come in good time. You are the very man we want. Will you take a hand?"

"I have no objection, my lord," said Mortimer, as he threw himself into the vacant chair and filled the tumbler that stood before him. "What do you play for?"

"For very little, unfortunately," said Lord Kingston. "Waterford is trying his hand at some new stroke off the cushion, and bets are running so heavy on it that we can find no one to indulge in a quiet game here."

"I wondered what the excitement was about," said Sir Trevor carelessly, as is his thoughts had run very little on the matter, which, indeed, was the case. "I suppose there is something heavy on the affair."

"Beauchamp Bagnall stands to win or lose twenty thousand on it."

"Backing Waterford, eh?"

"I believe so."

"Then he stands to lose, I fancy. Waterford is a duffer."

"Bagnall can readily afford it," said his lordship with supreme indifference, as he shuffles the perfumed pack of cards he held in his hands. "These Carlow acres are fertile and rich, and will bear many a mortgage deed on their backs."

"They will get sufficient to bear if he loses as he did last night," said Mortimer curtly. "But I see you are impatient, my lord. How shall we play, and for what?"

"As you are sitting opposite me, what say you to being my partner?"

"I have not the slightest objection if these gentlemen have not."

"It is too much trouble to change seats," said Sir Laurence Parsons. "I am prepared to take Sir George as my partner. Have you any objection, Ponsonby?"

"None whatever," said Sir George Ponsonby.

"Well, then, gentlemen, it is agreed," said Lord Kingston, "that we play as we are. Now, what shall it be for?"

"Say fifties," said Sir Laurence Parsons.

"Say hundreds," said his lordship. "What say you, Mortimer? You gentlemen of the government have not to depend upon the vicissitudes of the season for your long purse like us poor rent roll owners."

"I go for fifties, my lord. Until the Opposition allows the strings of the public purse to open a little more widely, we poor public servants must practise strict economy."

"Egad! I wish I could practise a similar economy," said Parsons, laughing. "Mortimer lost some thousands the night before last, and calls that economy."

"The long minority of the heirs of Seamore will recoup him for all," said Lord Kingston, as he shuffled the cards. "The funds at disposal there now must be something enormous."

"And none now to come in for them but the bright eyed Miss Helen. Egad! Mortimer, you are a lucky fellow! Here's the health of the handsome heiress!" said Parsons, as he clinked his glass against that of the others."

"By Jove! it is enough," said Sir George Ponsonby, as he set his tumbler again on the table, "to make a fellow get rid of his present wife by hook or crook, to get a chance of the heiress and her hundred thousand. Eh, Mortimer?—Heavens! what's amiss?"

Mortimer had but placed the tumbler to his lips when the baronet spoke; his hand trembled; the tumbler fell with a crash, and its contents were dashed over the table. Heedless of the confusion he created, he fixed his eyes, with a sharp inquiring glance, on the speaker.

"What on earth has frightened you, Mortimer?" inquired the baronet. "Your face is as white as if you had seen a ghost Hoot! man, I have no intention of getting rid of Lady Ponsonby and competing with you for the hand of the fair heiress."

"It was a sudden spasm—I am somewhat subject to them of late," said Mortimer, reassured by the placid, unconscious face of the speaker, and, judging there from that no intentional meaning lurked behind his words. "It is only so much precious liquor spilled," as he wiped the table with his handkerchief. "I hope, my lord, the cards have received no injury."

"No; fortunately, I held them in my hands. Fill another tumbler and let us proceed with the game."

"*You* cut, Ponsonby," said Lord Kingston."

"Here goes, my lord," said Ponsonby gaily, as he shared the counters around, ten to each.

The game went on; but towards morning, when the sunbeams were beginning to share with the lamps the work of lighting the room, Sir Trevor Mortimer rose from his seat a loser of over five thousand pounds.

"This has been rather a bad night for us, Mortimer," said his lordship, as he glanced at the pale face of the other, whose losses had now completely sobered him. He had been drinking rather heavily during the night, but the run of luck against him had had the not unusual result of doing away with its effects.

"It is all the fortunes of war, my lord—reverses must come to individuals as to nations."

"By Jove, it is well that you take it so easily," said his lordship, as he sat down and wrote a check for the amount of his losses. "For me it is another pull at the walls of Kingston Castle. It is well to belong to the governing body in Ireland."

"I am sorry, if it is, that I cannot follow your lordship's example. Ponsonby will have to take my note of hand for the amount for a month or two. This has been rather a larger pull than I came prepared to meet."

With more or less of grace the baronet accepted the bill in lieu of cash, and Mortimer, bidding them a careless good morning, passed out of the house.

There was a sense of rage and dismay lurking about his heart, as he strode through the yet noiseless streets on his way to his quarters in the Castle, that palpably showed itself in his maddened eyes and white face.

"This has been an unlucky week," he said, "and this the worst night of all. This means ruin if I do not meet the bill I have just passed. And where shall the money come from? Where? Heaven knows. Helen Barrington must marry me—*must*, there is no other word for it."

With a muttered malediction which boded but little good to anyone that stood in his way in his intentions with regard to his marriage, he reached home, threw himself on the sofa; and, owing to the fact of his having been up all night and the quantity of potations he had taken, was soon sunk in a semi-drunken slumber.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Mediae Noctis Consilium.

[LEANTA O'N T-SEACHT-MHAIN SO CHUAIDH THART.]

AN DARA ROINN.

Is togha droch-dhuine do thiugfeach na gádh tu.
'S feabhas do rufaoi led' mhuinilltidhe *caimbric*,
Tá cnofás saor chum sraod dod' bhásta,
'S cá fios do'n t'saoghal nách *stays* bhí t-fágadh,
Faiceann antír ort frainsídhe, 's fáinnídhe,
'S ceilean lámhaingídhe grīosa, 's gága.
Aithris air bórd nó 'neósad féin é,
An fada nár ól tu deór led'bhéile,
A chonartaig bhocht na g-cos gan uniadh,
Dochar ad charp le *Bucks* gan anlan,
Is turas, dar liom, dod' chúl bheith taidhbhseach,
Chanare lem' shúile an chúl 'na luighean tu,
Garbh ná mín, ní siutear fúghad ann,
Barrach ná líon dár suíomh le turann,
Acht mata na smurt gan cuilt, gan clúda,
Dealbh gan luid, gan pluid, gan súsadh,
A g-cúil botháin gan áit chum luighe ann,
Acht súgha sioláin 's fásgadh níos ann.
Fiaghaile teacht go pras gan chuimse
'S rian na g-ceare air tarsna sgríobhtha,
Lag iona dhrom, 'sna gabhla lúbadh,
'S clagarnach dnoun go trom a túirling.
A chumainn na bh-Fáig! nách árd do labhair sí,
Gustalach, gáibhach, gárthach gabhann sí,
A n-dathaibh, a g-cóir 'sa g-clócuidh síoda
Faire go deó rúl sgeól nach frith é.
Aithris cá bh-faghann tu an radharc so chídhtear,
Aithris cár thuill tu an leaghab gan bhrigh so,
Is deacair a shuigheamh gur frith air fóghnamh'
Is gairid o bhídhis gan sioi an órlaig!
Aithris cá bh-fuair tu luadh do h-úghda,
Aithris cá bh-fuair tu luadh do ghúna,
Léigeamoid uainn mar ghluais an cóta,
Acht aithris cá bhuair tu luadh na m-bróga?
Aoibhill cheannasach, charthannach, chómhachtach,
Guidhim tu, gairim tu, freagair 's fóir me;
Is fíor gur feasach dham farraistighe Fódla,
Suighte, greamaighthe, ag siadaire t-sórd-so,
Dar lámh mo charad! is aithnid dam cómharsa,
Láimh le baile 'gam, gairid dam chómhgar,
Buachaill sioneanta, sruimile, sanntach,
'Nar buailleag duine 'co chuige mar nuadhchar.
Is searbh lem' chroidhe 'nuair chídhim am radharc
A ngradam, a g-crich, a b-puimp, 'sa d-laidhb is'e,
Sealbhach bó 'ci 's córpadh a fás di,
Airgead póca 's ór 'dir lámha 'ci.
Do chonarc me nae air thaobh na sráide í,
Is ceannasach, tréan, an léire mná í,
Maifuire másach, mágach, magamhúil,
Marbh le cámus,—lán do ladambús,
Mun m-beith gur chlaon liom éad do mhúsgailt,
Sganaill do sgéith ná sgéalta sgrúda,
Dob'fhuras dam insint cruinn mar chualadh,
An chumadh 'na m-bíoch sí sraoilte, suaighte,
Stracaighthe air lár 's gáir 'na timpcheall,
Caite air an t-sráid no'n stábla síste,
Mairfig'a tág, 's tráchtfar choidhche,
Air mharann, air cháil 's air ghráin a gníomhartha!
An Ibh Breacáin an aráin 'san fí fona.
A d-tír mhic Ciáin na m-bánta míne,
Ag isle 's árda Máinse 's Inse,
Cill Bhreacáin, an Chláir, 's Chuinntheadh,
Ag ciúnsaig siumhídhe Thrághdraoi an pí óurs,
'S fúnsaig falachuighe Creatluighe an chorda.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

CRAIGE—At Crossmaglen, county Armagh, Nov. 11, James Craige.

WALSHE—At Buenos Ayres, Oct. 2, Pierce, second son of the late Patrick Walshe, of Brownstown, county Kilkenny.

THORNTON—At Horsepark, Castlebar, Nov. 8, Peter Thornton, aged 42.

VAHEY—At Redhill House, Ballyvery, county Mayo, Nov. 10, John Vahey, P.L.G., aged 60.

LEARY—At Trinity street, Wexford, Nov. 7, Hannah, wife of Capt. Martin Leary, aged 64.

DOYLE—At her residence, King street, Wexford, Nov. 9, Elizabeth Doyle, aged 62 years.

ROONEY—At her residence, Francis street, Drogheda, Nov. 12, Catherine Rooney, the beloved wife of Capt. Denis Rooney.

AYLWARD—At Ballyfinogue, Wexford, Nov. 14, Mary, daughter of the late Robert Aylward.

REID—At Dyer street, Drogheda, Nov. 11, Mrs. Catherine Reid.

BALDWIN—At Macroom, Nov 13, James W. Baldwin, youngest son of the late James Baldwin, aged 29.

BOURKE—At Killala, county Mayo, on Nov. 7, Mary, widow of the late Thomas Bourke, and only daughter of the late Robert Gildea, Cloonogashil House, Ballinrobe.

GREENE—At Lissanure, Edgeworthstown, county Longford, Nov. 14, Maria, relict of the late William Greene.

KENNY—At Collinstown, Carbury, Co. Kildare, Nov. 14, Michael Kenny.

O'REILLY—At his residence, Ormonde road, Kilkenny, Nov. 13, T. O'Reilly.

O'SULLIVAN—At Baggot Street Hospital, Dublin, William O'Sullivan, aged 43 years.

QUIGLEY—Nov. 13, Sarah, wife of Mark Quigley, Main street, Birr.

SYNAN—Broad street, Limerick, Nov. 14, Patrick, son of the late Ald. Synan, aged 30 years.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

PERHAPS no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than nasal catarrh. While not immediately fatal it is among the most distressing and disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cure of chronic catarrh by any of the multitude of modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

"At last, I can eat a good square meal without its distressing me!" was the grateful exclamation of one whose appetite had been restored by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, after years of dyspeptic misery. A teaspoonful of this extract before each meal sharpens the appetite.

A gray beard on a man under 50 makes him look older than he is. The best dye to color *brown* or *black* is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.
[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.
[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.
[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.
[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.
[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.
[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.
[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.
[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.
[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.
[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.
[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING
[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.
[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

AN EX CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.
[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pin Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861 5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.
[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

A FASCINATING STORY.
[*Chicago Herald.*]

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INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.
[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

MESSAGE TO CONGRESS.

President Harrison's Second Annual Communication.

THE SUBJECTS WHICH HE HANDLED.

The Extention of Federal Powers in the Control of Elections Favored—Beneficial Working of the New Extradition Treaty with Great Britain—The Fur Seal Question Still Unsettled—The Increase in the Circulation of Money.

WASHINGTON CITY, Dec. 1.—The annual message of President Harrison was submitted to congress at noon Monday. A great deal of it is devoted to a review of the departmental reports and our relations with foreign countries. That part of the message which will attract the most attention is that concerning the tariff legislation of the last session of congress.

Speaking on this subject, he says: "The general provisions of the law have been in force less than sixty days. Its permanent effects upon trade and prices still largely stand in conjecture. It is curious to note that the advance in the prices of articles wholly unaffected by the tariff act was by many hastily ascribed to that act. Notice was not taken of the fact that the general tendency of the markets was upwards from influences wholly apart from the recent tariff legislation."

The president believes that in its general scope and effect the act will justify the support of those who believe that American legislation should conserve and defend American trade and the wages of American workmen. The misinformation as to the terms of the act which has been so widely disseminated at home and abroad, he believes, will be corrected by experience, and the evil auguries as to its results confounded by the market reports, the savings banks, international trade balances, and the general prosperity of our people. Continuing, he says: "The criticisms of the bill that have come to us from foreign sources may well be rejected for repugnancy. If these critics really believe that the adoption by us of a free trade policy, or of tariff rates having reference solely to revenue, would diminish the participation of their own countries in the commerce of the world, their advocacy and promotion by speech and other forms of organized effort of this movement among our people is a rare exhibition of unselfishness in trade. And on the other hand, if they sincerely believe that the adoption of a protective tariff policy by this country insures to their profit and our hurt, it is noticeably strange that they should lead the outcry against the authors of a policy so helpful to their countrymen, and crown with their favor those who would snatch from them a substantial share of a trade with other lands already inadequate to their necessities.

Markets for Our Products.

"There is no disposition among any of our people to promote prohibititory or retaliatory legislation. Our policies are adopted not to the hurt of others, but to secure for ourselves those advantages that fairly grow out of our favored position as a nation. Our form of government, with its incident of universal suffrage, makes it imperative that we shall save our working people from the agitations and distresses which scant work and wages that have no margin for comfort always beget. But after all this is done it will be found that our markets are open to friendly commercial exchanges of enormous value to the other great powers.

"From the time of my induction into office the duty of using every power and influence given by law to the executive department for the development of larger markets for our products, especially our farm products, has been kept constantly in mind, and no effort has been or will be spared to promote that end. We are under no disadvantage in any foreign market, except that we pay our workmen and workwomen better wages than are paid elsewhere—better absolutely, better relatively to the cost of the necessaries of life. I do not doubt that a very largely increased foreign trade is accessible to us without bartering for either our home market for such products of the farm and shop as our own people can supply or the wages of our working people.

Reciprocal Trade.

"In many of the products of wood and iron, and in meats and breadstuffs, we have advantages that only need better facilities of intercouse and transportation to secure for the large foreign markets. The reciprocity clause of the tariff act wisely and effectively opens the way to secure a large reciprocal trade in exchange for the free admission to our ports of certain products. The right of independent nations to make special reciprocal trade concessions is well established and does not impair either the comity due to other powers or what is known as the 'favored nation clause,' so generally found in commercial treaties. What is given to one for an adequate agreed consideration can not be claimed by another freely. The state of revenues was such that we could dispose with any import duties upon coffee, tea, hides and the lower grades of sugar and molasses. That the large advantage resulting to the countries producing and exporting these articles by placing them on the free list entitles us to expect a fair return in the way of customs concessions upon articles exported by us to them, was so obvious that to have gratitously abandoned this opportunity to enlarge our trade would have been an unpardonable error. There were but two methods of maintaining control of this question open to congress: To place all of those articles upon the dutiable list, subject to such treaty arrangements as could be secured, or to place them all presently upon the free list, but subject to reimposition if specified duties of the countries from which we receive them should refuse to give to us suitable reciprocity benefits. This latter method, I think, possesses great advantages. It expresses in advance the consent of congress to reciprocity arragements affecting these products which must otherwise have been delayed and unascertained until such treaty was ratified by the senate and the necessary legislation enacted by congress. Experience has shown that some treaties looking to reciprocal trade have failed to secure a two-thirds vote in the senate for ratification and others having passed that stage have for years awaited the concurrence of the house and senate in such modification of our revenue laws as were necessary to give effect to their provisions. We now have the concurrence of both houses in advance in a distinct and definite offer of free entry to our ports of specific articles. The executive is not required to deal in conjecture as to what congress will accept. Indeed, this reciprocity provision is more than an offer. Our part of the bargain is complete; delivery has been made; and when the countries from which we receive sugar, coffee, tea and hides have placed on their free lists such of our products as shall be agreed upon, as an equivalent for our concession, a proclamation of that fact completes the transaction; and in the meantime our own people have free sugar, tea, coffee and hides."

The Election Laws.

The president says it is gratifying to know that generally there is a growing and non-partisan demand for better election laws. The need of a law providing a federal supervision of congressional elections has manifested itself in many parts of the county. The present law, he says, stops just short of effectiveness, for it surrenders to the local authorities all control over the certification which establishes the prima facie right to a seat in the house of representatives. The defect should be cured. The law should give the advantage to honesty and the control to majorities.

The Increased Circulation.

Some months of further trial, the president says, will be necessary to determine the permanent effect of the recent legislation upon silver values, but it is gratifying to know that the increased circulation secured by the act has exerted and will continue to exert a most beneficial influence upon business and upon general values.

The disability pension act, the president says, has been put into operation as rapidly as was practicable, and the anticipated expenditure, while very large, will not, it is believed, be in excess of the estimates made before the enactment of the law. The general law, he says, should suggest a more careful scrutiny of bills for special relief.

The Killing of Barrundia.

In connection with the Central American troubles, the president says of the killing of Gen. Barrundia on board the Pacific mail steamer Acapulco, that Minister Mizner exceeded the bounds of his authority, and he was therefore constrained to disavow Mr. Mizner's act and recall him from his post.

The beneficial working of the new treaty of extradition with Great Britain the president says is already apparent. The difference between the United States and Great Britain, touching the fur seal question in the Behring sea. is not yet adjusted, but the president hopes that before the opening of another sealing season some arrangement may be effected which will assure to the United States a property right, derived from Russia, which was not disregarded for more than eight years preceding the outbreak of the existing trouble.

The Telegraph Lines.

The president does not believe that the government should own or operate the telegraph lines, but does believe that it is quite practicable for the government to contract with the telegraph companies to carry communications at specified rates. The civil service law, the president says, has been executed with fidelity and impartiality, and the service has been increasingly satisfactory. The message closes with a reminder to congress that the brief time remaining for the consideration of important legislation offers no margin for waste.

IN HARNESS AGAIN.

Congress Ready to Start the Legislative Machinery.

WASHINGTON CITY, Dec. 2.—The second session of the Fifty-first congress began business at the Capitol yesterday without any sensational feature to mark its opening. The fact that it was the last chance of the Republicans for at least two years did not have the effect of providing anything dramatic, and the only evidence of special interest was the large attendance of spectators. In the senate there were floral tributes on the desks of Voorhees, Sanders, and others, and a pyramid of flowers ornamented the speaker's desk in the house, while half a dozen members of each political party had been similarly remembered.

Proceedings in the Senate.

There were thirty-eight Republicans and twenty-three Democrats present in the senate when Morton called it to order. The two Wyoming senators, Carey and Warren, were sworn in, and on drawing for "class" Carey drew the long term and Warren the short one. The usual committees to wait on the president and the house were appointed and performed their duties, and at 1:30 p. m. the president's message was received and the reading begun, the senators paying close attention thereto. At the conclusion its senate adjourned.

Lots of Bills in the House.

It looked, shortly after the message was read in the house, like most of the 227 members present had bills in their pockets. The elections had evidently had an effect, for many of the measures were for free coinage of silver and lower tariff. The first thing that was done after the usual committees had been appointed was to swear in new members and when Breckinridge of Arkansas came forward, the Democrats applauded, for he had been reelected in the district whose seat had been declared vacant by the first session of this congress. Then several other newly elected members were sworn in, among them Harvey, delegate from Oklahoma. The message arrived at 1:30 p. m and was immediately read, the Republicans applauding it.

An Avalanche of Bills.

As if there was not much more business than the present session can possibly attend to already before the house, the members then began unloading themselves of measures, each one of which is guaranteed by its author to save the country. A few of them are given: Townsend of California, Bartine of Nevada, Pickler of South Dakota, Clements of Georgia, and Bland of Missouri bobbed up as soon as they could be recognized with free silver coinage bills. They all provide for the free coinage of the 412.5 grain piece, with other provisions of various import and importance.

Tariff Reduction and Pensions.

Then come the men who want lower duties on necessaries and raw materials. McCreary of Kentucky offered a bill to put tin, tinplate, agricultural implements, edge tools, worsteds, binder twine, blankets, salt, and cotton ties on the free list. Wike of Illinois asked that the ways and means committee be instructed to report bills abating all increases of duties in the McKinley bill, putting wool, lumber, salt, and many other articles on the free list, and providing for any deficits created thereby in a bill imposing an income tax (graduated) on all incomes in excess of $3,000. Pickler introduced two pension bills, one granting a service pension, and a bill providing that $6 per month shall be the lowest pension received.

BISONIC FETE DAYS

What the Antiquarian of 2,000 Years Hence Will Think of the Present.

Imagine a cultivated person from Hindostan, or say the heart of Australia—a man who knew the English language thoroughly, but who by sad fate had never heard of a baseball game—sitting down to read a skillfully written account of a great contest like that between the Buffalos and the New Yorks. To make the point plainer yet imagine this scholarly gentleman as living 2,000 years hence, and as having dug up from the ruins of Buffalo a perfectly preserved newspaper of the date June 21, 1890. In archæological ecstasy he seats himself amid the ruins of the soldiers' monument—looking just as they do now—and proceeds to read:

"Giants jumped on. Buffalo wipes the diamond with New York's pets. Buck Ewing told the mighty pitcher to gather up his loins and mow down the Bisons. When the Bisons put on a clincher in the ninth Buck took off his red overshirt, donned a black and white blazer and packed up the Giants' traps, vowing that he and Keefe would kill the Bisons to-morrow. Crane soaked one man. White was nailed between second and third," etc.

Now this naturally will puzzle the scholarly gentleman; nor will he receive light from other copies of other papers of the same period. He will read how one mighty man "fanned the air," how another "died at third," and how several were "sacrificed" amid great rejoicing. In his erudite history of "The Ancient American Republics and the Causes Which Led to Their Decay" we would find some such paragraphs as these:

"From the perfectly preserved record of their sports it may be asserted without qualification that the Americans were the most brutalized and bloodthirsty people who ever laid claim to any degree of enlightenment. The arenic sports of Rome were less debasing, and showed far greater regard for human life. In the priceless Ancient Print collection made by the author is a perfect record of one of the Bisonic fete days. It is matter of fact in tone, yet the old chronicler was gifted with rare skill, for, like Homer, he pictures the most thrilling events in the simplest language.

"Here, too, is undisputable proof that there were giants in those days. They were so large and savage that the spectators sat in iron cages, and the young men who did combat with them, sometimes riding or possibly driving wild bisons, braved death for victory. Often at these so called games, the contestants in which sought to pitch each other out of the arena, the overwrought men would often die while running (evidently pursuing or fleeing from the giants). Those who survived were often sacrificed on a hot plate, while the populace, safe in their cages, would howl with bloodthirsty rage of delight.

"Frequent allusions to 'soaking'—probably in boiling oil—and to the contestants being 'nailed' show that these horrible diversions combined the hazards of a Roman arena with the fiendish atrocities of the inquisition."—Buffalo Express.

A Straight Story.

There was a one legged man at the Brush street depot the other day who was asking for alms, and who claimed that his leg had been bitten off by a shark. One of the men accosted looked him over and said:

"I saw you in Buffalo about a month ago, and you then told me that an alligator bit your leg off."

"Yes."

"I saw you in Cleveland last week, and you then claimed to have fallen under a street car."

"Yes."

"Do you change your story in every town?"

"Most always."

"Well, now, tell me how you really did lose your leg and I'll give you a dime."

"Honest?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, I jumped in front of a mowing machine to save the lives of five or six little children, and while I lost my leg not one of them got a scratch."

"Don't believe it, but here's your ten," said the man as the crowd raised a laugh.—Detroit Free Press.

To Cure Black Heads.

Pink wants to know how to cure enlarged pores of the face, black heads and dark rings round the eyes. All three symptoms combined show a system very much out of order. There must be immediate and thorough reform in habits, coarse, laxative diet and medicines, washing the face with borax water many times a day, and when dry rubbing it softly but firmly with a rubber hand-brush.

This is a nice thing for the complexion in all cases, whether to remove the shiny look left by washing with soap and to give the velvety finish (which it does better than chamois skin) or to clear the enlarged pores of secretions. Mild friction with it improves the action of the skin and reduces the pores. Blackheads indicate a constipated condition, complete relief of which is the only permanent cure for these unsightly spots. The dark circles round the eyes will probably disappear with the other symptoms.—Shirley Dare.

A Story of Byron.

Among the stories related in Mr. William Archer's new life of Macready, the actor, is this: Macready had won distinction in the provinces, and wishing to appear in London sought Lord Byron's influence to procure an engagement at Drury Lane. Among other things the person who spoke to Lord Byron in his behalf mentioned that Macready was a man of excellent character. "Ah, then," said Lord Byron, "I suppose he asks five pounds a week more for his morality," and the negotiation fell through.

If the salt held in solution in the ocean were spread over the earth it would form a layer of more than thirty feet deep covering the whole globe.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

Society in Edinburgh, Scotland, has been startled by one of the managers of the recent exposition marrying one of the Japanese girls who were an attraction of the show. He is said to be very proud of his brunette wife.

The first theatrical performance since the great flood is about to be given at Johnstown, Pa.

Out of compliment to a bridal couple a train was stopped at Buena Vista, Pa., and this action averted a serious accident, which could not have been avoided had the train gone on.

In a St. Louis police court the other day a blind man recognized a thief who had robbed him by his voice. He picked him out from a number of persons who were brought in and who said "Good morning" to him. The prisoner confessed.

There are sixty-six liquor saloons in New York that are kept by women.

Recent floods in Germany destroy fifteen houses in Jena and the railway bridge at Schwertz. Several persons were drowned.

The British steamer Westbourne was wrecked in the Black sea. Six of the crew were drowned and twelve died from exposure. The British ship Sudbourn was sunk off Dungeness and eleven of her crew are missing.

An old cathedral is still standing about seven miles from Tucson, where it was erected by the first missionaries over three and a half centuries ago.

A late novelty is an invalid's chair propelled by electricity. The battery will drive it over an ordinary road for nine hours at the rate of six miles an hour.

Mary Johns, of Pierre, S. D., Wednesday committed suicide by shooting. Disappointment in a love affair was the cause.

Indian Agent Lehy, of Ashland, Wis., has received positive instructions not to allow any logging upon the Indian reservation this winter.

A resident of Richmond, Va., has come into possession of a revolutionary relic in the shape of Gen. Daniel Morgan's mess chest, which is estimated as being 125 years old. The chest is made of pine, heavily ribbed with iron, and is closed by an old-time ponderous lock.

A service of carrier pigeons is to be established between Zanzibar and Lake Nyassa, in Africa. The stations will be thirty miles apart.

Mrs. C. D. Crafts, of Tuscola, Ills., mother of Laura Dainty, the reader and actress, has sustained a stroke of paralysis.

Wesley Brown, a prominent farmer, living near Ramsey, Ill., had his right arm torn off just below the elbow in a hay press Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bird, of Elkhart, Ind., surrounded by their children, grandchildren and friends, celebrated their golden wedding Thursday.

John Barlow accidentally shot H. H. Bliss, a prominent business man of Steele City, Jefferson county, Neb., Thursday, killing him almost instantly.

The sugar planters in Cuba are of the opinion that in spite of the unfavorable weather which has prevailed in that district during the last few weeks, the crop will be larger than that of last year.

The entire American colony, including Gen. Barr, attended a reception given Thursday by Col. Grant, the American minister at Vienna.

Professor Henry, of the agricultural experimental station at Madison, Wis., has written to parties in Menominee Falls relating to an analysis of the sugar beets raised on the farm of E. L. Nehrs, and states that the liquid portion of the product yielded 14.35 per cent. of sugar.

Thomas Sweeney was killed and Lewis McIntosh was injured by the caving in of a sand bank near Ulysses, Neb.

There has been but one case in the Hastings, Neb., police court since Oct. 20, and that was a plain drunk.

Governor Francis of Missouri, has given Burglar J. R. Johnson his passports from the penitentiary and the state on condition that he goes to some other state to die and does not return to Missouri.

John J. Gearley, of Superior, Mich., set a trap for deer in the woods. In the gloom of an early morning he walked right into it himself. His dead body was found several hours later.

A counterfeit $2 silver certificate has made its appearance at Springfield, Ills. It is well executed and calculated to deceive any one but an expert.

Fifty thousand dollars has been raised at Galesburg, Ills., toward securing for that city a rubber goods factory that is to employ from 200 to 300 hands.

Father Hyacinthe calls for a national French church in order to preserve the republic against clericalism.

Duke Snell, of Speaker, Mich., lost a pocketbook containing $50, and it caused him a great deal of worriment. One morning when he went to feed his horses he noticed that one of them seemed to have a pain in his foot. On lifting up the foot he found the pocketbook imbedded in the horseshoe.

There is talk of starting an Alliance newspaper union in Topeka, for the purpose of supplying ready-print newspapers to the Alliance weeklies. It is said there are 105 Alliance newspapers in the state.

Fourteen young men in Berlin, convicted of murdering a gendarme, have been sentenced to terms of imprisonment of various lengths.

King Kalakaua of the Sandwich islands has sailed for San Francisco to pay a visit to California. He will not come farther east.

Centenary M. E. church, at Jacksonville, Ills., voted Friday, 53 to 18, in favor of female representation in general conference.

Canadian clergymen complain that they are losing matrimonial business through the high license fees exacted. Wedding couples cross to the American side and get reduced rates.

One hundred and eleven bodies of victims of the English cruiser Serpent disaster have been recovered. The search is going on still.

Eight thousand Chinese have been engaged to work on the Tehuantepec canal.

Senator Wade Hampton, who was accidentally shot by his son, has had the shot extracted from his eye and will probably not lose his sight.

Frank Weik was attacked by highwaymen Friday at Columbus, Wis., and $500 stolen from him.

Over 3,000,000,000 envelopes are manufactured in England annually.

A farmer at Riverside, Cal., has taken eight crops of alfalfa from one field this season. It is worth $17 per ton.

The census shows that there has been an increase of 7 per cent. in the total indebtedness of over 800 cities and towns.

William M. Donahue, a clerk in the Boston postoffice, was arrested Friday at Springfield, Mass., when he presented three forged money orders.

It is estimated that the yield of cranberries in the Grand Rapids, Wis., district will aggregate 54,339 barrels, sold at an average of $6.50 per barrel, making a total of $353,184.

Judge Isaac Bergman, ex-probate judge, who had been imprisoned for contempt, shot himself Friday at Cheyenne, Wyo. If he recovers he will be blind, the bullet having destroyed both eyes.

Ohio and Indiana Methodists are coming out strongly for the proposition to seat women in the general conference. In a total of 27,453 votes reported, there is a majority of 3,931 for admission.

Hoodlums are on the rampage at Fountain Green, Ill. Houses are assailed with stones at night and other annoying acts are numerous. The people have appealed to the authorities for protection.

William Blythe and H. Binnett were drowned at Sodus Bay, N.Y., Friday while duck hunting.

John Gebhard, his wife, and their two children were instantly killed by a train on the Northern railroad at Closter, N. J., Thursday.

Martin D. Loppy, a wife-murderer, was on Friday at New York sentenced to death by electricity.

William Whittlesey, ex-superintendent of the Hancock county, Ills., poor house, has been sued for an alleged shortage of $10,000 in his accounts.

The Bessemer plant of the Bethlehem, Pa., Iron company shut down Saturday for an indefinite time. Twelve hundred men are thrown out of employment.

Dr. W. E. Todd shot T. A. Iler, a jeweler, in Jackson, Miss., Saturday. The bullet shattered Iler's arm and entered his body. It is believed that he will die.

Sampson and Isaac Heidenheimer, merchants of Galveston, Tex., have been arrested on the charge of burning the Texas Standard cotton oil mills, in which they were largely interested.

Asa Danforth, the owner of thousands of acres of land in central Illinois, died at Washington, Ills., Saturday. He was the father-in-law of Congressman-elect Snow, of the Ninth Illinois district.

The state grange of Illinois will hold its nineteenth annual four days' business meeting in the state house at Springfield beginning at 10 Tuesday, Dec. 9. There will be a public programme of exercises the afternoon of the first day.

P. T. Barnum has willed $20,000 to a Universalist church at Bridgeport, Conn.

Several men were injured by the explosion of the boiler of a portable sawmill at Elco, Ills., Saturday.

Official returns for Colorado give a plurality of 8,000 for John Routt for governor.

J. J. Kelleher has been awarded damages of $1,200 at Green Bay, Wis., in his suit against the Milwaukee and Northern railroad for killing his son.

H. Budworth, a bogus detective, and J. D. Powell were arrested at Galesburg, Ill., Saturday, for committing an extensive burglary at Aurora.

The two daughters of Nels Desair were drowned by breaking through the ice on Deair lake, Wis., Thursday afternoon.

Saturday morning William Moberry of Nokomis, Ills., was found dead in his bed. Thursday night he was taken home in a drunken stupor and was not seen afterward.

Sioux City Knights of Pythias held memorial services Sunday in honor of the late John Van Valkenburg, who was past supreme chancellor.

Oliver Gladhart, of Olney, Ills., who was arrested at Virden a week ago for disposing of a team hired from Lee White, of Chandlerville, died in the county jail at Virginia from the effects of the arsenic taken just after being arrested.

A six-day go-as-you-please contest will be held in St. Louis during Christmas week. Ralph Johnson, the ball player, will have charge of the match.

Harry O'Day, of Keeler, Mich., was accidentally shot and killed by a companion while out hunting Saturday.

Mrs. Parson Acquitted.

NEW YORK, Dec. 1.—Mrs. Lucy E. Parsons has a higher opinion now of Jersey justice than she did have a few hours ago. She was acquitted in Newark Friday of the charge of inciting to riot Nov. 7, when an attempt was made to hold an anarchistic meeting in Saenger hall. She was not even required to make any defense. Simon Gordon, who was arrested with her, was convicted of assault and battery.

Two Squaw Men Lynched.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Dec. 1.—The Journal's Chamberlain, S. D., special says: Two squaw men, living on Bad river, were lynched by a vigilance committee several days ago. Cattle stealing has been going on, and investigation pointed to the squaw men as the guilty parties. The vigilance committee has been carrying matters with a high hand for some time, and there is considerable excitement.

Parnell Disappoints Cork.

CORK, Dec. 1.—Parnell was expected to arrive here at 2 o'clock yesterday morning. The mayor and a league committee waited at the station with an address of welcome and confidence. There was a crowd numbering fully 1,000 people, with torches and several bands. There was great disappointment when it was learned that Parnell was not on the train. The crowd dispersed after cheering for Parnell.

The New York Census.

WASHINGTON CITY, Dec. 1.—Flower, of New York, introduced in the house to-day a joint resolution directing the secretary of the interior to order the re-taking of the New York census. A long preamble to the resolution sets forth the controversy had in this matter between the government and the New York state officials. Cummings introduced a resolution of like character.

The Pennsylvania's President.

Down at Cape May I met President Roberts, of the Pennsylvania railroad. Here was a man who had started out twenty or thirty years ago as a track hand, and who had come up through the mechanical and the executive branches of the business to be the president of the greatest railway in the world. His salaries—for he has several as president of the three or four corporations which are in the Pennsylvania system—aggregate $100,000 a year. Mr. Roberts shows the effect of his early training in the strong love which he has for the details of railroading.—Cor. Harrisburg Telegraph.

Paralysis Cured.

Not even the spinal cord, incased though it is in its thick bony envelope, is sacred to the surgeon's knife. A boy 9 years of age was admitted recently to the Mount Sinai hospital suffering from a complete paralysis of his lower extremities and the lower half of the body. This condition had developed very suddenly. On arising from his bed one morning he found himself unable to stand or to use his legs. He had sustained no injury, his general health was fair. On examination it was found that he had a marked prominence over the spine in its upper portion, giving rise to a deformity such as is commonly seen in hunchbacks, and which is the result of an inflammatory disease affecting the vertebræ, and known as Pott's disease.

The spinal cord is a dependency of the brain, and really is its continuation, and lies within a bony canal formed by the bones of the spine. The nerves issuing from it govern the power of motion and sensation of those parts of the body to which they are distributed, and any interference with them destroys their function and paralysis more or less complete ensues, although sensation may be retained, for the sensor nerves are given off from a different portion of the cord. From this physiological fact it was at once surmised that the boy's paralysis was due to some pressure upon the roots of the motor nerves governing the lower limbs, and an operation was decided upon.

The patient having been placed under the influence of ether, a longitudinal incision, including all the tissues down to the spine, was made over the site of the prominence, the skin and muscles were lifted up together and the dorsal aspect of the vertebræ exposed and the projection sawed off, thus opening up the canal in which the cord lies, whereupon a considerable bulging was perceived. This membrane was divided, revealing an abscess which was thoroughly emptied, the swelling disappearing entirely. The opening made in the membrane was closed by fine catgut sutures and the wound was dressed. The paralysis did not improve for some time, but it gradually disappeared.—New York World.

Evil Effects of Catarrh.

It has been the rule to consider nasal catarrh almost entirely a local disease, and one which has very little effect upon the general system. All this is being rapidly disproved, and it is being shown that if the nose is in an unhealthy state there is quite a long list of affections which may be induced in consequence. Hay fever has often been cured by applications to certain points in the nasal passages. Asthma, also, has yielded to the same treatment. It is a well known fact that when the victim of catarrh suffers from dyspepsia scarcely any improvement in the latter can be made, no matter what is done for it, until the former is on the gain.

Evidence is not wanting to show that severe functional disturbances of the lungs, and even of the heart, are sometimes induced by nasal trouble. Recently there was reported the case of a woman who had had epilepsy for several years, and although she had patiently sought relief no improvement took place until applications were made to her nose and its condition improved. Under that line of treatment entire recovery occurred. Very many other cases are on record which show that the relation between the nose and other parts of the system is very intimate, the connection being of course through the nerve system.—Hall's Journal of Health.

New Method of Covering Pulleys.

An important improvement has been made in the covering of pulleys, by which it is claimed 50 per cent. more power can be transmitted, and all slipping is reduced to an imperceptible factor. This system comprises the following points: It consists in the employment of a specially prepared leather covering for the pulley which is extremely soft and elastic and never glazes by the rubbing action of the belt, as is the case when ordinary leather is employed for this purpose.

It is applied to the pulley and held firmly to it for all time by means of a special cement, which is soft and never hardens, like ordinary cement or glue. No rivets of any kind are employed, but the leather covering is firmly attached to the iron of the pulley by the cement alone. Once attached the covering will stand for years and never loosen or come off except when naturally worn out, the length of time varying with the circumstances and work done. This system will be invaluable to those engaged in the transmission of power by means of belts in the operation of machinery of all kinds.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Because He Was Not Up in Geography.

A curious incident regarding a strait occurred during the Russian war. It would have been ludicrous, if anything can be ludicrous connected with war. Commodore Elliot was blockading a Russian squadron in the Gulf of Saghalin, on the east coast of Siberia. Thinking he had the Russians in a cul de sac he complacently waited for them to come out, as the water was too shallow for him to attack them. As the enemy did not come out he sent in to investigate, and found to his astonishment that Russians and ships had vanished. While he had been waiting for them in the south they had quietly slipped out by the north, teaching both him and the British government a rather severe lesson in geography, as it had been thought that Saghalin was an isthmus, and they were totally unaware of a narrow channel leading from the gulf to the Sea of Okhotsk.—Chambers' Journal.

The wooden parts of tools, such as stock of planes and handles of chisels, are often made to have a nice appearance by French polishing, but this adds nothing to their durability. A much better plan is to let them soak in linseed oil for a week, and rub them with a cloth for a few minutes every day for a week or two. This produces a beautiful surface, and exerts a solidifying and preservative action on the wood.

THE CITIZEN.

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CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the attractions for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle—Boston Howard Athenæum Co.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"The City Directory."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Richard Mansfield.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—DeWolf Hopper Comic Opera Co.

THE AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—"Babes in the Woods."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Lizzie Evans.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Havlin's "A Pair of Jacks" Co.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Monte Cristo, Jr."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—"Around the World in Eighty Days."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"INQUIRER," City—Gen. T. F. Meagher was not present at the battle of Chattanooga. He, however, was appointed to command that military district in the winter of 1864 5, and held the command until Lee surrendered.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

PARNELL AND HIS ENEMIES.

THE CITIZEN, as all its readers know, is radical on the Irish question. It believes in the wisdom, justice and eternal fitness of the political separation of Ireland from Great Britain; and it would hold that position even if every Irishman throughout the world should conclude to give up the struggle and lower the flag of his forefathers to the abominable level of British provincialism. But, while maintaining that vital principle of the Irish national faith, THE CITIZEN would not reject, or counsel the Irish people to reject, any honorable concession of self government that might be made to them, under pressure of Irish public opinion, in or out of the British parliament, by the English enemy. The acceptance of any dishonorable proposition, such as that made by Gladstone, at what is now the famous Hawarden conference with Parnell, should be rejected, as that leader rejected it, with unmitigated scorn. THE CITIZEN is fully aware of Mr. Parnell's faults and peculiarities; it regrets that human passion led him into the commission of a grave offense against the moral law; but it also remembers that to err is human and to forgive divine. It further remembers that nearly every prominent member of the British governing classes has been smirched more or less; that the English monarchy began in bastardy, and has continued in profligacy; that half the dukes and earls of England, at least, are the illegitimate descendants of the Plantagenets, the Tudors, the Stuarts and the Guelphs; that, not to enter into minute particularization, the Duke of Beaufort is a bastard scion of the extinct House of Lancaster; that the Dukes of Richmond, Buccleuch, St Albans and Grafton are Stuart bastards by descent; that the Guelphs are represented by the Fitzroys, Fitz Clarences and Fitz Herberts; and that, in fact, the whole British aristocracy is fouled and coated by the slime and filth of an inherited and unconquerable concupiscence of the flesh.

The radical portion of the British democratic press has repeatedly charged that Queen Victoria held improper relations with her Highland gillie, the late John Brown, for whom she certainly mourned with more than wifely affliction; and it is certain that her son, the Prince of Wales, has been implicated in some of the most disgraceful crim con cases of the age. In fact no virtuous woman wants the notice of the Prince of Wales, because his attentions to ladies are considered by society in England little less than compromising. Yet both Victoria and Wales are idols of the English people; just as Queen Elizabeth and Charles II. were in former times.

The Marquis of Hartington, a leading English Liberal statesman, with whom Gladstone was long and closely associated, is one of the most notorious libertines in England. The alleged 'Grand Old Man" himself was reputed a great admirer of the fair sex in his younger days, and not very long ago several English and American papers contained lively paragraphs concerning his more than plantonic interest in a pretty opera singer. Perhaps this may account for the phenomenal closeness with which the "Grand Old Woman" accompanies the "Grand Old Man" when he swings around the British circle. A gay old buck of 80 ought to make some allowance for the hotter blood of a stalwart young Irishman, with good Yankee blood also in his veins, at 44

In fact THE CITIZEN could go on making these and other startling comparisons but that it is for fear that the sense of decency of its readers might be offended by the dreadful record of English social crime. It will refrain from minutely characterizing the conduct of the "noble" Sodomites who recently, in the Cleveland street scandal, covered England with enduring shame. The Prince of Wales' eldest son, the second heir presumptive to the throne, was involved in the odious affair, and, when he passed recently through Paris, on his return from India, the French mob did not fail to remind him of the estimation in which he is held by decent people.

But, it will be said, this does not justify the moral error of Parnell. Neither does it; but it reveals the rottenness and the hypocrisy of his accusers. Parnell has sinned most grievously—that is admitted—but, as General Butler remarked the other day, let him that is guiltless among his accusers hurl the first stone. If the Savior of mankind forgave the adulteress, with words of pity, surely Ireland can take a lesson, without shame and without reproach, from the example of the Messiah, and bid Parnell, in the spirit of motherly love, to sin no more.

THE CITIZEN has no faith in parliamentary agitation, unbacked by other methods, as a factor in the attainment of Irish independence. But, in his controversy with Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Parnell is unquestionably right. No Englishman has any right whatever to dictate to the Irish nation who shall be its leader. No Englishman has any right to attempt the demoralization of the Irish party by the offer of office as in the case of Morley. No Englishman has any right to deceive the hopes of the Irish nation in the matter of autonomical concession as Gladstone evidently intended to do at the Hawarden conference. The Irish members of parliament who, from whatever cause, took part with the English leader against the Irish leader over the matter in dispute, betrayed, probably without intention, the best interests of their country. Woe to the nation that puts its faith in foreign magnanimity. One rood of English earth is dearer to the heart of Gladstone than all of Ireland.

It is plainly apparent that the social error of Parnell is seized upon as a pretext by the alleged Liberal leaders to destroy him politically. Parnell may have been remiss in his duty, haughty in his demeanor, mysterious in his methods, but, from the parliamentary standpoint, he was true to his country. He would not allow Gladstone or Morley to sell her out. He placed the issue squarely last Monday before his seceding parliamentarians—"Sell me out if you will," said he, "but be sure you get your value from the English for me."

THE CITIZEN is by no means compromised in this affair; but, as an organ of Irish American opinion, it cannot consistently refrain from giving its opinion on the greatest question of the day. The tone of the American daily press is generally hostile to Parnell, but that should not affect Irish opinion, because the American daily press generally reflects the sentiments of the Whig, or Liberal, organs of England. Then again certain English and Irish writers on the American press are Whigs in principle, and they never fail to make their personal crotchets pass current for genuine American opinion. The real American sentiment is with Ireland in every phase of her struggle, but the average American editor is often an Englishman slightly varnished by the American process of civilization.

Viewing the situation from a thoroughly independent standpoint, THE CITIZEN must say that, as between Parnell and his persecutors, it most heartily sympathizes with Parnell, even though the latter most unjustifiably denounced its editor before the faces of the common enemy in the English house of commons, that reeking mother of dead dogs. It is always with Ireland against England, and it believes that the breaking of the alliance between Parnell and Gladstone is all for the betterment of the cause. The parliamentary policy is, more or less, a delusion; but if it should have any measure of success at all, that success will be due to Irish independence of English political parties. Parnell advocates this policy and Parnell is undoubtedly wise in such advocacy. He must not be sacrificed because the English demand it. "We love him for the enemies he has made."

Trust not for freedom to the Franks,
They have a chief who buys and sells;
In native hearts and native ranks
The only hope for freedom dwells.
For British force and Latin fraud
Will break your shield, however broad.

THE IRISH DELEGATES.

MESSRS. O'BRIEN, Dillon, O'Connor, Sullivan and Gill, of the Irish parliamentary delegation in this city, sent out on Sunday a manifesto in which they made choice between the English Liberal alliance and Parnell, and decided to declare against the latter. Mr. Timothy Harrington, the other member of the delegation, refused to abandon his old leader. William O'Brien, it is said, shed tears as he signed the document. It is pretty generally surmised that great pressure was brought to bear upon the majority of the delegation to adopt the course they did Meanwhile, the subscription business has been somewhat paralyzed and everything connected with the Irish parliamentary movement appears to be in a state of inextricable confusion.

"THE SEA-DIVIDED GAEL."

A very remarkable book has just been issued from the London press. Its title is "Loch Etive, and the sons of Uisneach." At first sight it would seem impossible to draw any political comfort for Ireland from a book with such a title, but on perusing it the thoughtful reader will see at once that it has a very strong political bearing on things Celtic and Irish. It is written by Dr. Angus Smith, a very learned Scotchman. It is a prose dialogue carried on between Irish and Scotch people who are making a tour in the most beautiful and historic parts of the Highlands of Scotland; and among the very scenes where the exiled children of Uisneach and the famous Lady Deirdre roved two thousand years ago. The book gives most interesting descriptions of some of the grandest scenery of the Scottish Highlands; but it is quite evident that description of scenery is not the aim of the book. It was written for far other purposes. Its main object is to show the absolute oneness of the greater part of the people of Scotland and Ireland; that the history of Scotland can only be understood by knowing the history of Ireland; that the Irish and Scotch—that is the Celtic part of them—are one, and that they would have remained one but for the machinations of the Saxon enemy. If such a book as this had been written even thirty years ago the Highland Scotch would have said that it could never have been written by any man born on Scottish soil.

To any one who has read Dr. Joyce's great poem of "Deirdre," "Loch Etive" will be a book of singular interest; but to any one familiar with that most beautiful and pathetic tale in all ancient Celtic literature, the 'Fate of the Children of Uisneach," it will be more interesting still. The children of Uisneach were Naise, Ainte and Arden; Deirdre was the wife of Naise. They were banished to Scotland by Connor MacNessa, king of Ulster, because of Naise's having married Deirdre, whom King Connor wanted for himself. Naise's two brothers accompanied him to Scotland, and they and Deirdre remained in that country until they were treacherously enticed back to Ireland by Connor, who had them killed, and after their death he married Deirdre; but she died of a broken heart within a year after the killing of her husband and his brothers.

The ostensible purpose of writing the book under notice was to describe the localities mentioned in Irish history as having been the resorts of the noble Irish exiles in Scotland, and to collect the still living legends about them from the Gaelic-speaking Highlanders of the localities mentioned in the old books. All this is very important and interesting in a literary and antiquarian point of view; but the real interest of the book is in the fact that its author, a Scotchman himself, seems thoroughly aware of the fact that comparatively recent religious and political events have all but destroyed the brotherhood and friendship that existed for unnumbered ages between the Celts of Ireland and Scotland. Dr. Smith, its author, seems to know a great deal more about the causes that have led to the estrangement of the Celtic Scotch and the Irish, than he actually tells; but he tells enough to show that the Highland Scotch are beginning to open their eyes in the matter of their history, and their language. They seem to be getting more convinced every day that their history was falsified and their language distorted in order to break down the friendship that for thousands of years had made them and the Irish politically one. But, more important still, they seem to be getting to know that it was England that was at the bottom of all the mischief.

THE Irish bishops have manifested against Parnell. Well, the Irish bishops, in 1799, manifested for the Union. In Irish affairs, it is always safe to treat the bishops with due respect, but, at the same time, take their political advice "by contraries." They are the poorest politicians in the world.

DUBLIN, Cork, and other leading Irish cities, have by their common councils, declared for Parnell against the English Whigs. All Ireland seems to be with the undaunted chief. The Cork Young Ireland Society, of which William O'Brien is president, has also declared for Parnell.

PERSONAL.

Mr. James J. Horan, a popular young Irish-American of the West Side, was married to Miss Nellie Morgan, of No. 30 Johnson street, on Thanksgiving eve, at the Jesuit Church, in the presence of a large number of relatives and friends. After the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the residence of the bride's parents and spent the evening in festivity.

It is proposed to extend the Mitchelstown & Fermoy light railway to Knocklong via Ballylanders.

HONORING THE BRAVE.

Tremendous Meeting in New York in Honor of the Men of Manchester.

Radical Speeches by John F. Finerty and Other Irish-Americans.

The twenty-third anniversary of the martyrdom of Allen, Larkin and O'Brien at Manchester, England, was appropriately celebrated in the magnificent hall of the Cooper Union, New York city, on Monday evening, Nov. 24. The noble auditorium was densely thronged by the men and women of the old race, all of whom were attired in that metropolitan mode so peculiar to the inhabitants of the great seaboard city. The hall was tastefully decorated with American and Irish flags and mottoes. The platform was occupied by many leading citizens of New York, who were accompanied by the ladies of their families. The Hon. John R Fellows, district attorney and congressman elect, was called upon to preside by Mr. William Lyman, who had active charge of the arrangements.

Mr. Fellows, on assuming the chair, made a brief but vigorous and eloquent speech, in which, as an American freeman, he upheld the right of the Irish people to break the English yoke in any manner that might seem best to them.

After some patriotic songs had been artistically rendered, the chairman introduced John F. Finerty, of Chicago, to deliver the first address.

Mr. Finerty, who was most warmly greeted, said that nothing could be more appropriate than the celebration in that hall of the anniversary of the Manchester martyrs. It was there, three and twenty years ago, on the night of the day of their execution, that their memory was first honored. He had had the honor of being present on that occasion, and on the platform from which he was addressing his hearers, there sat on that evening that immortal friend of human progress and liberty, Horace Greeley [loud cheers]; the modern poet of Irish "sedition," Gen. Charles Graham Halpine [prolonged cheers]; and that glorious Irishman who formed the connecting link, who was, in fact, the electric wire that joined the Irish rebels of the days of Strongbow to those of his own time; who recreated the hero prince of Ulster, raised the Red Hand again from the dust of ages, and shook it in the teeth of England with the vehemence of national hatred—that man was John Mitchel. [The whole audience rose and cheered the name of Mitchel until they were hoarse] He (the speaker) understood the spirit of their cheers. They did not sound like the tame cheers of peaceful, legal and constitutional agitators. [Renewed cheers and laughter.] He knew he was addressing the Irish Old Guard of New York. [Cheers for Col. Kelly, Underwood O'Connell and O'Donovan Rossa.] There were men present who had suffered for Ireland—not one or two or three but scores of men, and they were ready and willing to dare as much again when the wished for opportunity should come. [Cries of "You are right," and loud cheering]

Of the three illustrious men whose names he had mentioned, the dust of two was American and of one Irish earth; but though they had passed away, their spirit was abroad among them, and the survivors were still "upon the felon's track" as enthusiastically as in the days of their youth. [Great cheering.] They had not changed their principles, nor were they going to change them, because when all else was tried and found wanting, it was the Irish revolutionary element alone, in the survival of the fittest, that could bring England to her knees. [Enthusiastic cheers] Every so-called reform granted by England to Ireland came through the terror produced in the tyrant's heart by the bold, aye even the desperate deeds of revolutionary Irishmen. [Cries of "That is true."] Did they want witnesses? Let them summon Gladstone. Let them summon Harcourt and Earl Spencer. ["Hear hear," and cheers] Behind the alleged constitutional Ireland there stood rebel Ireland at home and abroad. [Great cheering] Rebel Ireland was the powder behind the parliamentary bullet. If the powder were lacking, the lead would be worthless. ["Hear hear."] Yet the agitators took all the credit for such reforms as have been accomplished for Ireland within the last score of years.

The men who died at Manchester represented the idea of Irish revolution. They believed their native country had right and title to absolute independence, and they died for that idea, as many other Irishmen had died before them. It was for this that the Irish race the world over honored their memories. Their heroic sacrifice was a noble protest against the English usurpation of the functions of government in Ireland. They dared and did in the rescue of their leaders in broad daylight in the heart of an English city, and in the sight of a van load of English policeman. [Applause.] Much had been said about the killing of Sergeant Brett on that occasion. His death was purely accidental, but, even were it otherwise, he (the speaker) never felt called upon to apologize for it. He could not call to mind where any Englishman ever apologized to the Irish people for the killing of Irishmen who sought to defend the liberties of their country. [Applause.]

After referring at some length to the Manchester rescue, and paying a high compliment to the motives which prompted those who took part in it, Mr. Finerty said that a favorite English fiction was the charge that the Irish people could not govern Ireland. Yet the English press, which persistently spread this falsehood, has charged that the Irish govern America. [Cheers and laughter.] They particularly charged that the Irish governed the city of New York. [Renewed cheers and laughter.] Well, if so, the Irish might well be proud of the fact, because no nobler monument had ever been erected to Irish governing genius than the splendid city, whose citizens he had the honor of addressing that night. [Prolonged applause.]

If the prosperity of the whole union was a result of the government of the Irish, as the London *Times* claimed it was, then every American should bless the Irish for having built up the freest and most prosperous country in the world—a country that increased its population at the rate of 12 000 000 souls a decade, and that increased its wealth in even higher proportion. [Applause] How beautifully consistent was the English argument! At home the Irish, according to their oppressors, were incapable of ruling 32 000 square miles of territory, and yet, according to the same authority, they were capable of governing in America a territory almost as extensive as Europe. [Cheers and laughter] He (the speaker) wished certain native Americans would recognize the blessings of Irish vote in this country as the English did. At all events, when any political party developed the proscriptive idea, the Irish were strong enough to teach that party, no matter by what name it called itself, better manners at the polls. [Prolonged applause.]

Mr. Finerty then paid tribute to the Irish soldiers who had defended the American flag in the field and mentioned the names of Irish citizens honorably prominent in every walk of life. The name of Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, many of the brave survivors of whose brigade were in the hall, was cheered to the echo.

Both Americans and Englishmen, he said, seemed to labor under the delusion that because the Irish revolutionary element in America had been silent for some time, they were therefore dead or sleeping. [Cries of "No."] No; that element, out of a desire to promote harmony and to give those who sought to liberate Ireland by other methods a fair chance, had kept in the background; had offered no opposition since 1886. But, when agitation had run its course and failed, would they then give up the Irish battle as lost? [Shouts of "Never"] Had they abandoned the principles of 1798, of 1803, of 1848, of 1865? [Vehement cries of "Never," in which Col. T. J. Kelly, of Manchester fame, Capt. Chas. Underwood O'Connell, O'Donovan Rossa, and other veteran patriots enthusiastically joined]

The speaker then went on to say that Ireland had as good a right to negotiate foreign alliances for the attainment of her liberty as any other country. The career of Wolfe Tone illustrated the fact that, under favorable circumstances, more than one nation of Europe was willing to aid Ireland in throwing off the English yoke. [Applause] Had steam been in operation in 1796 Hoche's army would have landed in force; three hundred thousand Irish men would have rallied around the Green Flag and the Tricolor, and Ireland would have been free "from the centre to the sea." [Enthusiastic cheering] There was plenty of material for new Wolfe Tones among the Irish race. England's enemies had not grown less—neither had Ireland's friends. [Applause] Any alliance that Ireland might form against England would result in her welfare. He (the speaker) believed above all things else in the absolute independence of Ireland; but, if all other policies were to fail, he would hail with joy the acquisition of Ireland by the American Union [Loud cheers] What a luminous star she would be in the American flag! [Cheers] That, however, was but an alternative choice—independence must be the first consideration. The difference between an American Union and an English Union would be this: Within fifty years, Ireland, as an American State, would be the most prosperous country, for her size and resources, in the world; whereas fifty additional years of the English connection would be her certain destruction. [Cries of "That is true"] The Irish revolutionary party should work for allies. That had been too long neglected. The American colonies, themselves, could not have thrown off the English yoke without the assistance of France; and Italy, Hungary and Bulgaria had all been made free by the operation of foreign aid. One thing was certain—no new master could make Ireland more miserable than England had made her. ["Hear, hear."]

Nothing saved the British empire from disintegration but its studied attitude of servility to the stronger powers. She could bully Ireland, Portugal, and even America, whose fleet was still in its infancy, but when the Russian bear growled, or the German eagle screamed, the British lion turned tail and ran like a scared coyote. [Cheers and laughter]

The Irish revolutionary element would soon assume formidable proportions, if the English policy of procrastination was much longer pursued. The hero mood was not dead within the Irish race. There were still thousands of Irishmen ready to do and to dare for Irish liberty and independence. Their efforts would yet roll the stone from the mouth of the sepulchre, and the old war cry of centuries would be raised again. Aye,

Fast as from each martyr's hand
The fiery cross fell down in fighting,
A thousand sprang to seize the brand
Our Beltane fires relighting;
And though again might fall that flame,
Quenched in the blood of its devoted,
New chieftains rose, fresh clansmen came,
And again the old flag floated!

[Prolonged cheering]

The old flag! It was the flag of Art McMurrough and the O'Neills and the Geraldines; the flag of Owen Roe and of Sarsfield; of Lord Edward and Father Murphy; of Emmet and of Mitchel! [Loud cheers] It was the only flag which Ireland would recognize as the symbol of her independence—she would have no strange flags before it. [Prolonged cheering] The hope that burned in the Irish heart was "a kindly light" that, like the star of Bethlehem, led the Irish race over the mountains of opposition and through the deserts of disappointment, until it stood still and pointed from the sky, with unwavering ray, to the manger in which liberty, the fair handmaid of salvation, was cradled. [Long continued cheering]

The Hon. Maurice F. Wilhere, of Philadelphia, made a brief, but ringing, speech, which was heartily applauded.

There were then loud calls for Colonel Kelly, one of the rescued prisoners of Manchester, and he responded in a speech in which he reiterated his rebel sentiments and declared that he had no faith whatever in parliamentary agitation. His remarks were received with great enthusiasm.

After the singing of "God Save Ireland" the great meeting adjourned.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor
No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

A BITTER FIGHT.

Parnell and the Seceding Parliamentarians Lock Horns in London.

The Irish Leader's Powerful Speech Against the Bloody British Whigs.

LONDON, Dec. 2—At noon yesterday the special meeting of Irish members to decide the question of party leadership was called to order by Mr. Parnell himself. Telegrams from the Irish envoys to America were read, including the manifesto issued at Chicago last night, and the meeting took a recess until 1 o'clock for lunch. Upon reconvening guards were placed at the doors and the discussion began. Friends of Mr. Parnell strove earnestly to adjourn the conference to Dublin, but this was vehemently opposed by Messrs. Sexton, Kelly and Redmond, Mr Kelly declaring that it was the desire of the majority of the Irish members and of the Irish people to maintain its leadership unsullied.

Mr. Redmond passionately appealed to his colleagues to pause before they cast aside their great leader and warned them that those who sacrificed Mr. Parnell would have to account to the Irish people for their action. At the time of Mr. Parnell's re-election he declared the divorce matter was understood. (Cries of "No, no.") They knew how Mr. Gladstone's letter had been withheld and yet, at the bidding of the English Liberals, they wanted to sacrifice the Irish leader and with him the national cause. Mr. Redmond concluded his excited speech by inviting his hearers to vote for Ireland.

Telegrams in support of Mr. Parnell were then read from Messrs. Harrington, Pierce Mahony, Leahy and Gill, the latter expressing grief at the action which conscience compelled him to take toward the leader he loved.

After further discussion of Mr. Barry's motion that Mr. Parnell retire, and Mr. Nolan's amendment that the question of retirement be postponed until the members should personally ascertain the views of their constituents and the party should meet in Dublin, Mr. Parnell took the floor and said the time had come when he must speak out against the opposition within the party caused by Mr. Gladstone's letter. Those responsible for the decision of the party seemed to forget what was due to themselves, their country and him. The men who were most conspicuously against him, Messrs. Healy and Sexton, would have to bear their responsibility in all this. Mr. Healy had been trained for this warfare. Who trained him? Who saw his genius and gave him his seat in parliament, tending, rebuking, restraining him? Mr. Parnell continued:

"That Healy is here today to destroy me is due to myself; but I am glad he is here even to destroy me, if he understands the meaning and effect of his proceeding. Healy reminds me of his services. He has not been slow to remind me of them at any time. I understand he attended the recent meeting in Dublin, which called on me not to retire. Who asked him to do so? Did I? Who asked McCarthy to travel to Dublin to say that he would be able to give information which would throw a different complexion on hidden events? Did I? Where was Sexton at this same meeting? Where were you all? Why did you encourage me to come forward and maintain the leadership and face the world, if you were not going to stand by me?

"Why did my officers encourage me to take my position on the bridge if they were going to act as traitors and hand me over to another commander-in-chief? I did not ask them for the certificate of character given by the Dublin meeting.

"Leader-Killer Barry has been put up to stab me, as he stabbed the old lion Isaac Butt in days gone by. I remember well that, though Butt arraigned me, I never by word or deed counseled attacks upon him, but allowed the old man to go down to an honored grave rather than seek to step into the shoes of a politician who, however grave his faults, had created a great movement and given me and many others the power to participate therein.

"I have been asked about the Hawarden interview. I was told there that Mr. Gladstone's communication was not to be divulged to any of my colleagues, yet, because I did not denounce his proposals at once, I am accused of deceiving the party. Gladstone told me that none of the proposals were final. The chief proposal of all, the retention of thirty members at Westminster, was subject to revision. For me it was a question of drafting a bill; it was a question of the weak judgment of an English politician; a question of dealing with a garrulous old gentleman who monopolized the conversation and with whom, as everybody who knows him knows, it is difficult to get in a word edgeways. Before you vote my deposition be sure you are getting value for it.

"On Saturday I made a proposal to McCarthy to let Gladstone, Harcourt, and Morley give him letters declaring that in the event of the return of the liberals to power a plan of home rule will be proposed in which the control of the constabulary will be vested in an Irish executive, responsible to an Irish parliament, which will also have powers to settle the land question. Mr. McCarthy went to Mr. Gladstone and made these proposals, with my assurance that if these concessions were made I would retire from public life. Mr. Gladstone has replied that he will not hold any communication with me as leader of the party."

Mr. McCarthy exclaimed, "No! no!" and Mr. Parnell continued:

"The same proposals were placed before Harcourt, who replies that under no circumstances will he give any promise whatever, now or hereafter, to any Irish party. Remember, Harcourt is to be your leader when Gladstone dies. The same man has declared that his limits on home rule are Chamberlain's scheme of local government. If Harcourt ever comes into power he will give you local government and plenty of coercion. I know what Harcourt will do for you, what Gladstone will do and what Morley will do. I know there is not a single one of the lot to be trusted unless you trust yourselves. If I am to leave you tonight I should like to leave you in security. It is not a fair thing to me to ask me to see you within sight of the promised land—that I should come with you, having come so far, until you are absolutely sure of Ireland and I can go no further."

Mr. McCarthy then explained his visit to Mr. Gladstone. The latter said he regretted the disorganization of the Irish party, but he could not regard him as representing the party and could not treat with him. He would offer no suggestion, sign no document, give no message to be conveyed to the party. He said he could not give any document with any certainty that it might not be printed by some one of those concerned. Mr. McCarthy also saw Sir Vernon Harcourt, who simply said that in view of Mr. Parnell's manifesto he would not give anybody assurances which were to be brought to the notice of Mr. Parnell. As to the general question of Mr. Parnell's retiring, Mr McCarthy said the leading error had been his (Parnell's) keeping private until now the Hawarden conversation.

Mr. Parnell—I am perfectly willing to admit the blame, but I am glad that I told it all now, before the full mischief was done.

Without final action the meeting adjourned until to-morrow at noon.

PUBLIC OPINION.

Some Views on the Sentiments Expressed by the Editor of "The Citizen."

A NATIONALIST'S VIEWS.

CHICAGO, Ill., Dec. 3.—*John F. Finerty, Dear Sir:* I have read your interview with a *Tribune* reporter, regarding the present crisis in Irish affairs. Your approval of the manly and unflinching policy of Parnell in his dealings with the Liberal leaders is strikingly consistent with your past views—that Irishmen should not trust to the integrity and honesty of English statesmen when the liberties of their country are in question. Profiting by past experience, why should they? Irishmen seem not to measure the importance of events viewed by the light of history. Now, indeed Gladstone, who is clinging to the last plank of his political shipwreck, and whose sincerity might always be questioned, calls for the withdrawal of Parnell from the field of action, not that he loves Ireland, but because he fears Parnell, who molded the conflicting elements of Irish opinion into a compact whole which, wielded by his genius, and his alone, has accomplished much for the Irish people. The question is, Shall Parnell, who in season and out of season has been faithful to his trust and loyal to his country, retire from the leadership of his party because Gladstone and his followers demand it? The Irish are a grateful people. Their patriotism is too deep and their gratitude too sincere to abandon the champion of their rights on the eve of a decisive battle. It would be proper under existing circumstances to have the expressed opinion of patriots, who are too loyal to barter the liberties of their country for personal spleen. The occasion is opportune, when a certain class in Chicago, who in the guise of severe moralists, are united with the former friends, but now enemies, of Parnell to accomplish his destruction. Should you and your sympathizers who are actuated by pure motives in your aspirations for Irish liberty agree to any concerted action on this question, you shall have supporters in every sphere. AN IRISH NATIONALIST.

MR O'CONOR'S OPINION.

LA SALLE Ill, Dec 3—*Hon. John F. Finerty, My Dear Sir:* I see what purports to be an interview with you in today's *Tribune*. I hope it is a bona fide interview. I thank you for the position you take, it is sound and manly. I am with you and so are all of our race who are worth salt. Yours, etc.,

M. A. O'CONOR.

FROM AN AMERICAN.

PEORIA, Dec. 3.—*My Dear Sir:* Every man who loves Ireland, who hopes for the future independence of that unhappy country, who believes in justice, who worships a benign deity, and who has the slightest knowledge of England's perfidy, should commend the sentiments expressed by you in the *Tribune* of this date. If liberty is worth the having it is worth fighting for, and it must come to that, as England never has, or will, grant political favors except those wrung from her by force of arms.

Yours Sincerely,
AN AMERICAN.

P. F. Ryan & Co.

P. F. Ryan & Co., the great west side dry goods firm, are doing the biggest business of the season at their excellent location, Madison and Peoria streets. See their advertisement in another column.

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

IN CHICAGO.

The Emmets and Grattans played an exciting game at the south west City League grounds, on Sunday last. The Emmets won. Following are the players:

Grattans.—Forwards, P. Walsh, M. Kilroy, M. Walsh; left wing, T. Garrity, P. McHale; right wing, D. Synon, P. Hester; rush, J. Ryan, S. Colloran, P. Madden, P. Berry, W. Gannon, S. Sheridan, Capt. Gannon; backers, J. McCarroll, M. Berry, J. McDonough, P. Hostings; goal, Pat Garrity; points, T. Fleming, P. Dargan.

Emmets—Forwards, T. Jones, P. Egney, B. Mahoney; left wing, M. English, R. Martin; right wing, T. Ryan, M. O'Neil; rush, J. Coughlan, J. Elwood, J. Dacy, P. Fogarty, C. Kelly, J. Courtney, T. Dillon; backers, J. Fitzgerald, J. Landers, J. Sheeley, T. Tobin; goal, Thos. Dillon; points, Phil Ryan, J. Ryan; referee, J. G. Noonan.

IN IRELAND.

At Clonturk Park, on Nov. 16, the Armagh Harps were defeated by the Middleton team (champions of Munster.)

* * *

The schooner Sangaris, which left Limerick for Glasgow with 100 tons of oats, was wrecked on the Heron Rock island near Kildysart. The crew were rescued by the Low Island boatmen.

THE IRISH DELEGATES.

They are Greeted by a Large Audience in the Hall of Battery D, and Get Some Money.

But the Subscription was Small Compared with Former Years, and Would Be Much Smaller if the "Envoys" Had Previously Declared Against Parnell.

At exactly 8:25 o'clock, last Saturday night, when Battery D was crowded as it rarely was before, probably 5 000 people being congregated in and about the hall and occupying every available inch of space, the Parliamentary party quietly entered from the rear. The Second Regiment Armory adjoining, though less crowded, contained a large number of people. The six gentlemen for whom the thousands in front were waiting remained for a time out of view back of the platform, waiting for the meeting to be formally opened.

On motion of Melville E. Stone, chairman of the committee on arrangements, the six mounted the steps, led by John Dillon. The instant Dillon's tall form came into view the audience broke into a cheer, which was reiterated as O'Brien, Sullivan, T. P. O'Connor, Gill, and Timothy Harrington were espied following closely behind in the order named. While the applause was still threatening to raise the roof, Mr. Stone stepped to the front and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: As chairman of the executive committee, it becomes my duty to introduce to you the chairman of the evening, the mayor of the city of Chicago, Mr Cregier."

Applause greeted the appearance of Mayor Cregier, who welcomed the Irish Parliamentary party to the city. At the conclusion of his address of welcome the Mayor turned to John Dillon, and introduced him to the audience as follows:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: It affords me peculiar pleasure to now introduce to you the Hon. John Dillon, a member of the British parliament." [Great applause.]

MR DILLON'S REMARKS.

Mr. Dillon then advanced to the front of the platform, and spoke as follows:

"I believe in doing the greatest possible amount of injury to the enemy with the slightest possible injury to yourself. (A voice: "Hear, hear!") And I say that the claim that I have always put forward for the approval of the Irish race, the claim I have put forward on behalf of our policy, is that we have inflicted more loss and more destruction upon the enemies of our race with less suffering to those who have inflicted it than has ever been done by any men who have gone before us. There have been those who have passed through enough hardships. Men like John Mandeville and those of Woodford have given up their young lives cheerfully for this cause. But I say, as a whole, there never has been effected so mighty and magnificent a revolution in the social condition of a people with so little of human blood spilt and so little of suffering inflicted. Why, in Ireland in these eleven years we have literally turned the whole of the country upside down. That is what we are accused of doing, and I am proud of being accused of doing it.

At that time the landlords were on top and the people underneath, and they naturally upset the whole structure, and now the people are on top and the landlords underneath. They call us by all manner of foul names. And I remark this singular fact—everybody abuses the Irish. We have been accused of being agitators and refusing to pay rent, and various other crimes. Well, no Irishman who is acquainted with the history of his country needs any defense for our line of action. Every Irishman knows that we have had to pay rent within the history of our country for lands that were taken from us. Every one knows who has any knowledge of history that the Irish soil has been bought over and over again back from the people and the men who robbed the Irish people of it. We never did that. We never went so far as that. We offered these men a large price for what they never paid a thing for. We offered them more than they will get in the long run. They could have gotten more for these lands ten years ago than they can today, and they would have been richer to have taken our offers then than now.

What were the motives by which we induced the people of Ireland to break down the tyranny which had crushed their fathers for generations and reduced their country to a condition of beggary and chronic starvation? They were simply combinations binding them loyally to one another, to abide by certain rules and regulations. That is the whole crime and offense of which they have been guilty, and by their most splendid example of self-discipline and self government they have been incurring these and other epithets from the world. By the splendid example of self government the Irish people have broken down bit by bit the vast structure of the tyranny by which they have been oppressed for so long.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, time will not permit me to attempt for a moment to go into the details of this struggle. There are many in this hall listening tonight who have followed this struggle in its details with keen and warm interest and sympathy; but this I will say, and I feel sure that I will agree with a great many in this hall who have watched the history of the Irish nation, that in the course of that struggle there has been brought against us greater odds and greater machinery of oppression than ever any nation had to contend with. We have had to struggle against one of the most powerful nations on the globe. Our people have been denied the right of public meeting. Liberty has been taken away from our people. All this has been done for the purpose of ruining our movement and reducing us to beggery. During the last two years I myself have been obliged to pay out on an average $35,000 per month for food and for the purpose of providing means for famishing people, and I say that in view of all these facts and these terrible agents of oppression against which we have struggled, that it is only right and fair and natural that we should appeal to the sympathy of all. We have appealed to the people of the rest of the world to aid them, and we have not done this without being willing to aid ourselves. We met last year, the Irish people, and raised funds to the extent of $300 000 for the support of these evicted people. This year, in the midst of their poverty—and it is a poor year in Ireland—I think they will raise about $150 000 for the support of these evicted people. And so they have been doing these things in Ireland for the suffering people of our nation, for those who are threatened with eviction for the non payment of exorbitant rents. We have appealed to them during those ten years and they have made a noble and splendid response.

We have appealed to the Irish people of this city as we have appealed to the Irish race over the world, and we appeal also to the American people—and we are not ashamed to appeal to them—of this great nation, thinking and believing as we do that every generous hearted American will feel that he has a right to the privilege of taking a small share in carrying on to a successful issue this great and noble struggle, which, beginning in small things, has grown to a mighty statue and has raised the fame and power of Ireland from the low position of fifteen years ago to one equal in dignity to one of the great political powers of the earth. Which has made our people all over the world more respected than before, our cause more sacred, and has conciliated to our support tens of thousands of men in England, Scotland, and everywhere all over the world who were the bitter enemies of our race. These people, in consequence of the noble struggle made by the Irish people, their courage, and their trials, have been won over to the side of Ireland and have come to examine the merits of this cause, and are now more Irish than the Irish themselves and are willing to put their hands in their pockets and subscribe, as they are now doing, to aid this grand movement for the emancipation of the Irish people.

Ladies and gentlemen: I have endeavored, briefly as it was necessary, to lay before you the grounds on which we have come to this great city tonight to appeal for your aid in carrying on this struggle for Ireland. We, for our part, will carry it on so long as the people of Ireland and the Irish race over the world are at our back. We have advanced so rapidly on the path of progress during the last ten years that we feel at this hour the most absolute confidence that with the united Irish race a very few months, at the furthest a couple of years [A voice: "With Parnell as leader." Loud and continued applause] cannot roll over our heads without bringing within our grasp that victory on which so many Irishmen in the past have laid down their lives for the sacred cause of their country.

MR. O'BRIEN'S SPEECH.

Mayor Cregier next introduced the Hon. William O'Brien, who spoke as follows:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: From my heart I thank you for this splendid and unparalleled welcome to your mighty city of Chicago. I need not tell you that our mission to America is not a pleasure trip. Our mission is an arduous and anxious mission. Believe me, we have the most painful feeling how much may depend for the happiness of our poor people, and how much for the cause of Ireland as a nation, upon the manner in which we may be able to present the cause of Ireland to the hearts and to the intelligence of the people of America.

Up to this moment I am bound to confess that we have experienced in every section of the United States not merely allowance—and most generous allowance for our difficulties and our shortcomings—but we have experienced everywhere a deep and universal feeling that the national claims of Ireland are such as command the sympathy and ought to command the sympathies of every free-born American. We have found a feeling that by a long and steady but indomitable course of action the cause of Ireland has been elevated to a position of power and dignity which it never attained before in the estimation of the nations of the earth.

Let me say one word about the tenantry. Ten years ago we found the Irish tenantry writhing and shivering still under the lash of the landlord, or the bailiff, or of the rent tyrant. We have taught them to stand up like men and tell their tyrants to their faces that they would never again be chased like vermin on the land that was theirs and their fathers' before them; taught them to tell all whom it might concern that they will never again lie down without a blow and die of famine in a land that the Almighty formed, teeming with happiness and plenty for three times as many.

I remember at one of our land league meetings, when some one of the speakers was referring to the old cruelty and insolence of the landlord days of Ireland, I heard a little old western peasant cry out in the crowd, "We will make them put their hands to their hats to us yet." And that is almost literally what has come to pass in Ireland. The pride and influence of those cruel landlords has been trampled to the dust. And those men who, ten years ago, held the lives and homes of our unhappy people in the hollow of their hands beneath, believing they were little gods, those men who, ten years ago, would as soon have dreamed that the sun could be dethroned from the heaven as that the power of landlords in Ireland could be ever overthrown—we have those men today, those very same landlords, beseeching and entreating the tenantry of Ireland to buy their estates so that they may clear out of Ireland altogether.

That is not all. For we have the government itself—we have the government of Balfour [hisses] actually proffering and all but forcing upon the tenantry of Ireland loans of English money to the amount of over $14 000 000 to enable the landlords of Ireland to keep together. And the most astounding thing of all is that the tenantry of Ireland are not in the least hurry to close the transaction. They know full well that land and money held under the landlord government under the stress of the coercion act would be a curse and not a blessing. They know well the whole object of coercion in Ireland at the present time is to terrorize the Irish tenantry into giving extravagant and unjust prices to those landlords so that they may make the last haul, last plunder—the last "boodle," as you call it in this country.

No. The tenantry of Ireland say: "No. Thanking you for your loans, but we prefer to abide our time." The landlord market is a falling market, the landlord interest is a bankrupt interest, and no man will ever again purchase an Irish farm or sell an Irish farm over an Irish farmer's head. At all events that is the net result of ten years of agitation and of struggle and of combination. This tenantry, who, ten years ago, were liable to be swept off the land like vermin, are now as firmly and will be for the future as firmly rooted in it as the Rock of Cashel. The landlord and the Tory government themselves are the first to acknowledge and proclaim that the tenantry of Ireland are the only possible future owners of the land of Ireland. There they will own their own fields again and sit under their own roof-trees, and for them again in the history of their country will be happiness and independence. They will acknowledge no master any more, nor any lord any more, except the Lord who rules above.

I wonder how the boys in the Tipperary barracks would like that? I said a word about the changes that have come to pass, and the still more wonderful changes that are yet to come in the condition of the agricultural population of Ireland. Let me say one word about the progress that has been made upon another question that is still nearer and dearer to the heart of every Irishman that is worth his salt—that is, the question of Ireland's nationality—of Ireland's coming to the front as a nation.

Ten years ago there was not an English statesman or an English public man who would touch home rule with a forty foot pole. The man who would have predicted that by this time the whole Liberal government, who were fighting us then, would be today among the foremost champions of home rule—such a man would be put down as a raving lunatic. Since then years have passed, and the battle of home rule is almost won at this moment. Nothing can change it and nothing can draw it back, for the whole of the great British democracy is with us (!!!?)

Let Mr. Balfour (hisses), let him but go to his own constituency of Manchester, and he has to resort to all sorts of underground methods to smuggle himself in, and resort to all kinds of arrangements so that the public shall not have a voice in the matter. It is the same way with Mr. Chamberlain (hisses). He has to steal in under police escort. There is literally not an English town today of 10 000 inhabitants where a decent hearing is given to those men, whereas we Irish representatives, we are welcome, and yet we are Irish criminals. We are welcomed in those great English cities by the great mass of English workmen just as enthusiastically as we are here tonight.

And the more hardened criminals we are the heartier welcome we get from the British people. (Bosh) Remember that the British people like pluck and fair speaking, and we are winning England, not by abjuring the principles of nationality, not by proclaiming from the house tops the usurpation of the nation, which is the deepest usurpation in the Irish heart, and until that usurpation is satisfied the young blood of Ireland is just as ready today as ever [illegible] and to suffer as in the days of John Mitchel.

THE SUBSCRIPTIONS

At the conclusion of Mr O'Brien's address the speaking of the evening was suspended for an hour, during which contributions were received by collectors appointed to canvass the audience. Among the subscriptions were the following:

M. E. Stone	$500	O. Henning	$ 50
W. P. Rend	500	Carter H. Harrison	50
J. S. Cooke	500	Rev. D. A. Tighe	50
J. M. Smyth	500	Rev. B. B. Murray	50
P. H. Rice	500	M. J. Keane	25
Chicago Distill'g Co	500	S. H. Revell	25
Keeley Brewing Co	500	Washington Hesing	25
Rev. Fr. Fernan	500	James Sullivan	25
Fortune Bros	300	Justice C. J. White	25
W. J. Scanlan	250	Ald. Ryan	25
Austin Doyle	100	Ald. Kenney	25
P. T. Barry	100	Ald. O'Brien	25
Arthur Dixon	100	Ald. Powers	25
Owen Murray	100	Ald. Bidwell	25
R. O'S. Burke	100	Joseph O'Donnell	25
T. P. Ryan & Co	100	Ald. McInerney	25
Dr. John Guerin	100	Lane Coyne	25
Chas Dennehy	100	John Valley	25
O'Donnell & Duer	100	Joseph O'Meara	25
W. J. English	100	D. F. Hayes	25
W. J. Hynes	100	John A. Murphy, Jr.	25
James O'Connell	100	John Murtagh	25
Garden Malting Co	100	J. C. Schubert	25
Martin Dawson	100	P. Elsworth	25
P. J. Callahan	100	Judge Moran	25
P. F. Ryan	50	Dennis O'Connor	25
Fr. B. P. Murray	50	W. J. Onahan	25
T. A. Cantwell	50	Ald. Kelly	25

After the list of subscriptions, showing contributions of various amounts, had been read off, Mr. T. P. O'Connor addressed the meeting.

MR. HARRINGTON'S SPEECH.

When Mr. O'Connor had concluded his remarks the chairman introduced Mr. Timothy Harrington, who spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: I do not intend at this advanced hour of the evening to address any lengthy observations to you, especially as I know you are anxious to have an opportunity of hearing all the Irish delegates. I would only join my voice with that of my friend Mr. O'Connor, in thanking you very heartily for this magnificent reception you have given us here this evening. It is a reception I assure you that we feel proud of, and have every just reason to feel proud of, but while we feel it for our own sakes we feel it still more because of the message and hope of encouragement which it enables us to bring to the people who are struggling far away in Ireland.

We have, it is true, gone through a troublesome time there, but we have changed the aspect of affairs in that country a great deal. It is quite true we have not abolished eviction in Ireland. It is quite true we have have not yet quite staid the hand of the opposing landlord. But nobody who knows the history of the Irish tenant of the past, and who remembers the position he was in, and compares that with the Irish tenant of today can deny that in a very few brief years we have effected a revolution which it has taken heaps of blood and mountains mountains of slain to effect in other countries. (Stuff).

My friends, eviction has not been quite abolished. But eviction today has no terror for the Irish tenant. Only ten brief years ago eviction to him was a sentence of death by the ditch side of his own country or banishment from his land. Today the Irish tenant views the eviction without terror. He has no longer to have recourse to the workhouse or exile ship for the support of himself and his family. He is no longer in the isolated position in which the Irish landlord placed him in the past, by which his very neighbors were in terror to give him a place wherein to shelter his family during the few days after the eviction.

If an Irish tenant is evicted today for nonpayment of an unjust rent, he knows that behind him is a solid organization that will immediately come to his assistance. He has around him kindly and sympathetic independent neighbors, who will be afraid of no landlord, to give shelter and to give a place for the erection of a home.

The lot of the Irish tenant evicted today is this: That while in the past he and his forefathers looked upon eviction as a sentence of death, he merely looks upon it as an incident of the struggle. He is firm in the conviction and he knows that as long as he remains in the neighborhood and asserts his rights to his own land, no man in the country will attempt to take that land over his head. That is the policy that has brought the Irish landlords to their knees. That is the policy which has taught the independence of the Irish tenants, and that is the policy which, with the blessing of God, if we will only persevere for a short while in the attitude we have persevered up to the present, we shall win finally in this struggle.

I am sorry to say that my voice is completely gone, and I feel I would not be justified in trying to address you at any length. I will only assure you, and I think it is right to some of the delegates here to say, that the funds that you have been called upon to contribute here—that it is wrong of anybody to say they go to a parliamentary fund, or are used for any parliamentary purposes. We should, if we required funds for parliamentary purposes, not hesitate or be the least ashamed to appeal for them. We believe they have been converted to a good use in Ireland, and that they have effected a great triumph for the people; but the object of our present mission to this country is to appeal for funds for the evicted tenants in the various districts of Ireland where they are carrying on the struggle. Not a penny of it is to go to the expense of any member of parliament or for any parliamentary struggle. It is altogether for the evicted tenants, for the support of the national movement in behalf of these tenants in Ireland.

My friends, our resources in Ireland are exceedingly small, and though, thank God, our people stand by us today, perhaps more firmly than the people of any men in representative positions on the face of the world, yet at the same time, they know that however bold our determination may be, however good will be our intention, if we had not behind us the resources of your great combinations in this country, the generosity of the American people, we might not be able to work out for them the promises which we have been able to make.

Your meeting affords evidence that you are with us in the struggle. It gives to us personally the conviction that if we struggle for the people you will assist us in that struggle. It enables us also to bring to our people the message of hope and encouragement which will buoy them up in their difficulties, which will enable them still to face the struggle of coercion which they have been exposed to, and which carries to every evicted tenant in Ireland the sure conviction that if he struggles on the end of the struggle will be his restoration to the home of his fathers.

After remarks by T P Gill and the passing of a set of ordinary resolutions the meeting adjourned.

MATRIMONIAL.

MERTAUGH HARRINGTON.

Mr Frank Mertaugh and Miss Sarah Farrington, of Fairbury, Ill., were united in marriage on the morning of Thanksgiving day in the Catholic church of Fairbury. Nuptial high mass was offered up, the Rev. Father Mertaugh, brother of the groom, officiating as celebrant. He was assisted by other clergymen. The bride's two little nieces acted as pages of honor. After the nuptial ceremony was completed the happy couple and their friends were entertained at breakfast by the parents of the bride. Mr and Mrs. Mertaugh left for an Eastern bridal trip in the afternoon, but, en route, stopped at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Coyne, on Huron street, where another reception was tendered them. Fifty couples were present, and all had an exceedingly happy and hospitable time. Mr. Mertaugh is a well-known young business man, and his bride is one of the belles of Fairbury. Mr. and Mrs. Mertaugh will be at home to their friends at Cullen, Ill.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N Y.*

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

* * *

At a meeting of the Limerick town council to elect five members of the council as harbor commissioners for two years, Alds. Riordan and Counihan, J.P., and Councillor Bryan O'Donnell, retiring commissioners, were re-elected, and Councillors James O'Mara and Hennessy were elected to replace Ald. Walker and Councillor Robert McDonnell, J.P., who did not support the recent vote of confidence in Mr. John Dillon, M.P.

Ho for Europe.

Christmas excursions from Chicago to Europe in seven days. Six express trains daily. Come any time. Tickets via all steamship lines. J. D. O'LEARY, Agent, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway office, 66 S. Clark street, under Sherman House.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

PERHAPS no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than nasal catarrh. While not immediately fatal it is among the most distressing and disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cure of chronic catarrh by any of the multitude of modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

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ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
79 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

THE SONG UNSUNG.

Oh the singers sing on, and their songs are sweet,
And we listen their tones to hear,
For their harmonies all are as full and complete
As the days of the dying year.
And we fancy there speaks in the strains so glad
All the thrill of a master's tongue.
But the songs that are sweetest the world e'er had
Are the beautiful songs unsung.

There's a glow in the words that the lips shape not,
And a thrill in the tones unheard,
As of tenderest memories half forgot,
Or the trill of a long lost bird;
And the hopes of our being are set in tune
With the songs on the winds outflung,
But they fade like the glow of a day in June,
And are lost in the songs unsung.

There is never a wish or a prayer breathed out
By the sorrowful ones of earth
But is wreathed in a circlet of rhythm about,
And in melody finds its birth.
There is never a deed that is grand or true,
Or a word for the right outrung,
But is added up yonder beyond the blue
To the beautiful songs unsung.

Oh the air is all flooded with songs unsung,
That are borne on the wind's soft wing,
And the boughs in the woods they have quivering hung
Since the life giving breath of spring.
In the heart of the flowers they sweetly wait
Till the Angel of Song goes by,
And the angel will tenderly them translate,
As the flowers shall fade and die.

May the singers sing on, for their songs are sweet,
And the world it is glad to hear,
And our hearts will respond with a quickening beat,
And an echo of gay, good cheer.
But the strains that can move us with most control,
That have closest our being clung,
That are part of the life of our inmost soul,
Are the beautiful songs unsung.
—Woman's Tribune.

THE PEDDLER.

In the days of my early youth there lived a peddler called Uncle Fedia. What his real name might be, whence he came, whether he had ever had a family, or a more pretentious occupation, no one knew. There are many such beings in our land, who wander about as if belonging nowhere, and as if the Almighty had sown and then forgotten them. They seem like the sea gulls—useless birds—that roam about without ever resting.

Uncle Fedia went from one village to another, appearing among us four or five times a year with a plump pack on his thin little horse. He wore a flat cap and a long, ragged foxskin pelisse and had the cowed expression of a whipped dog; in fact, he looked more like a highway vagabond than an honest Russian peasant, for the latter always has a frank face and smiling lips, and wears a sheepskin touloupe.

None of the villagers liked Uncle Fedia, for they suspected him of being in the habit of casting spells. It was not for nothing, they said, that he kept, at the very bottom of his pack, all sorts of books, pens and ink, besides mysterious glasses, through which he could see a man three versts away! He wandered everywhere, often arriving at a hamlet after nightfall and going away before dawn. What wonder, then, that children and even cattle looked at him askance!

In the homes of the sick he was accused of more serious misdemeanors. Those who rashly gave him a night's shelter often missed various objects when he had gone on his way—silver spoons, articles of clothing, etc., and the servants always agreed in laying the thefts to his charge. He was also known to be a confirmed drunkard, having more than once been found unconscious lying between the wheels of his cart on the high road. Other men had been known to fall thus through fatigue or cold, but it was very easy to declare that the homeless peddler had been drinking.

There was hardly ever a row in a tavern but Fedia was proved to be at the bottom of it; the police, after due investigation, deciding that the trouble originated with the silent stranger who was sitting in a corner, and whose passports were, to say the least, suspicious. In consequence of these facts the peddler was often chased and hooted at in the streets, and when the children pelted him with stones he would whip up his pony and make off so meekly that every one knew that he had a bad conscience. In short it was considered impossible for any honest man to like Uncle Fedia.

However, I was sincerely fond of the old fellow. He seems to have been a part of my childhood, and will always figure in my memory in the place of honor, which is sacred to the keenest joys. As far back as I can remember, he was associated with the eve of great feast days, and I can still recall the sensation that was created by the sound of his little bell at the gateway. He would come into the warm vestibule, in his foxskin pelisse, bringing an air of cold and snow with him, and here he would open his great basket with its two compartments, and oh, what treasures were revealed!

The whole household would assemble as he displayed his wares. The servant maids, with glistening eyes, would hustle each other in their eagerness to see more closely and to handle the ribbons, laces and embroidered handkerchiefs.

As for me, I always waited with impatience for the opening of the lowest case of all, where the playthings were kept, and if I had no money Uncle Fedia seemed to read my despairing glance and often gave me credit for a pocket knife or a brightly colored picture from Souzdal. Later, it was always he who brought me books, gunpowder and fish bait. At sight of such proofs of our amicable relations my father would frown sternly and make a sign to our old major domo, who would immediately assume a bulldog air of watchfulness, and when all the purchases were made Uncle Fedia, without a moment's delay, would pack up his goods and go out, closely watched as he passed through the court yard, and no one ever helped him to lift his heavy pack into the cart. I more than once thought of taking the old man's part, but my courage failed me, and I knew, moreover, that it would be useless to strive against the general prejudice.

The last time Uncle Fedia came to our house was on a stormy Sunday evening. As he was going away he looked up at the sky and asked me timidly whether he might be allowed to pass the night in our stable with his horse. My mother, however, turned pale at the suggestion, and my father refused in a peremptory tone. The old man went on his way without another word, and I ran after him and whispered:

"Uncle Fedia, the mill is open; you could take shelter there."

"Thanks, child," he answered, "but I shall soon reach town."

"But suppose the storm overtakes you?"

"It will not matter, child; there would be no one to grieve for Uncle Fedia," he said sadly.

I had never known him to give utterance to so many words in a breath before, and I turned back, thinking that he could not be such a bad man as people said.

The next day, however, I felt ashamed of my decision, for my father came into my room exclaiming in an excited tone:

"I congratulate you upon your protege. Thanks be to heaven that I did not listen to you yesterday!"

And he told me that during the night some one had set fire to a house in the neighborhood whose owner was hard on the peasantry and cordially disliked by them. My father made sure that the old peddler was the culprit, and Uncle Fedia was arrested the next day.

There was not sufficient proof against him, however, so he was released, and suspicion fell upon a woman named Akonlina, who had been employed in our neighbor's house. She had been discharged for impertinence on the evening before the fire, and, after uttering sundry threats, had gone toward her home. She had not, however, appeared in the little cabin until morning, and now was unable to give a satisfactory account of her whereabouts during the night.

Three months later the trial took place. My father was called as a witness, Akonlina having formerly been his tenant, and yielding to my boyish entreaties he took me to town with him. On arriving he left me with the horses and carriage at the inn, and told me to wait there patiently until his return. But this being too much for my curiosity I slipped out behind him, followed him down the street and crept into the courtroom. Here I crouched unnoticed in a corner near the doorway and listened to the proceedings with the liveliest interest.

It was a very bare looking room, with a long row of benches on each side, a platform at one end, where sat the judges, and just overhead on the whitewashed wall was a large, round clock, with a crucifix hanging above it.

The hall was full of people. On the right sat the nobles, land owners and city officials; on the left were the peasants of Ivanofka, where the fire had taken place, and of our village. On the prisoners' bench sat Akonlina, and just behind her one of her relations was holding an infant, and at the same time trying to keep two little girls amused. These were Akonlina's children.

Every eye was fixed upon the accused. She was young, strong and straight; neither pretty nor plain, but a true Russian type, with a round, flat face, bright color, and a dull, stubborn expression. She seemed to pay no heed to what the clerk was saying in his sleepy voice, and looked at neither the judges nor the audience, but kept her eyes fixed upon the great clock, whence she occasionally glanced at the door, as if anxiously expecting an arrival.

The testimony against her was overwhelming. She was of a turbulent, intractable disposition, but worked hard to support her children, having recently lost her husband, a worthless fellow who had died of drink. After being discharged by the lady of Ivanofka she had been heard to use threatening language while stopping at the mill to buy some straw, and had appeared in our village the next day tired and muddy and affecting to be ignorant of the fire in the night.

Akonlina declared that she had slept in a barn belonging to a cousin of hers named Anton Petrovitch. Unfortunately this person had lately left the country and gone to seek his fortune at Odessa, whence he was supposed to have embarked as a sailor in a foreign ship. Inquiry proved fruitless respecting his whereabouts, but that fact was thought to be of but little consequence, as the woman's statement was evidently a false one.

The punishment for incendiarism is banishment to Siberia, but before sentence was passed a number of witnesses were to be examined.

Akonlina paid little or no attention to the examination of the witnesses, but kept looking from the clock to the door, and it was evident that only one fact was clear to her dull understanding—Anton Petrovitch was the one person who could save her, and she clung tenaciously to the idea that Anton Petrovitch would enter by that door and say the necessary words before it was too late. People had told her that her cousin was reported to have perished by shipwreck in the distant sea, but that could not be. God was too just to let her suffer for the want of a few words. Messages had been sent to Odessa, and she clung desperately to the hope that Anton would be found. But as the clock's hands moved round and the time went by the hope began to weaken.

The president of the court put more questions to the accused for the last time.

"I am innocent," was her reply, repeated again and again. "I know nothing about the fire; I was not near the place at all. When Anton Petrovitch comes he will tell you. I know nothing about it—I am innocent."

The judges retired for a few minutes. When they returned the president rose, holding a paper in his hands.

Then Akonlina knew that all was over. A shudder passed through her frame. She stretched out her hands and convulsively patted the heads of her children; then, falling upon her knees, she raised her clasped hands toward the crucifix on the wall and wildly exclaimed: "Christ, my Saviour, save me! Lord, have pity upon me and my children!"

At the sound of her prayer and at sight of her supplicating attitude all the country people present fell on their knees with one accord and reverently made the sign of the cross. A sort of stupor seized the large assembly, lords and judges seemed struck dumb, and the silence was so profound that I could plainly hear the ticking of the great clock upon the wall as the pendulum swung back and forth unceasingly, like the measure of eternal justice. The clock was the first to break the silence—striking the hour of noon with its grave, harsh voice, while every one listened breathlessly. The sound roused Akonlina, and she turned toward the door with a last agonizing look. Many an eye followed hers, and I think that no one would have been astonished to see Anton Petrovitch enter at that moment. But the door remained closed; and now, for the first time, I perceived the old peddler standing near it, clad in his ragged pelisse.

His small, blinking eyes wandered round the room, his gaze resting timidly upon the judges, then passing on to Akonlina and her children. As he looked at the little ones an expression of gentle kindness came into his face, such as I had often seen when I had no money, and he gave me the pictures from Souzdal. When the president began to read the sentence Uncle Fedia listened for a minute, looked up at the crucifix and down at the children, then slowly, and taking care to disturb no one, he made his way to the platform and stood twisting his cap in his fingers.

"What do you want?" asked the president of the court as he stopped in the middle of his reading.

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the old man, "this woman is innocent; I set the house on fire."

The judges and the people looked at him in amazement, and the president asked him some questions. His replies were given awkwardly, but left no room for doubt as to his guilt. He said that he had spent the first part of the night in question in the old mill, and had seen Akonlina going with her bundle of straw toward Anton Petrovitch's barn. Soon after midnight he had made his way to Ivanofka and set fire to the house out of revenge, the owner having caused him to be cruelly beaten a year before. As a proof he mentioned a small pot of tar which had been found at Ivanofka and which he had bought the day previous.

A feeling of relief spread among the audience when it became evident that the poor woman was not to suffer unjustly, and every one seemed glad to find that the first suspicions against the peddler were correct. A new sentence was drawn up, and as he stood waiting to hear it read Uncle Fedia dropped his head in shame at seeing every eye fixed upon him in scorn and reproach.

He was sentenced to the mines of Siberia, but his time was limited to ten years in consideration of his having voluntarily confessed his guilt. The guards led him away, and as he passed me I put a few rubles in his hand and whispered:

"Good-by, poor Uncle Fedia."

"Thanks, child," he answered. "It does not matter about me; there is no one to grieve for me."

The next minute I had lost sight of him.

The time passed by, and six years later I returned to my home for the summer vacation.

One morning while we were at breakfast in the garden we saw the priest of the parish hurrying toward us in great excitement.

"What do you think has happened?" he cried.

"I know," replied my father. "The miller fell from a ladder last night and has died of his injuries."

"You do not know the most terrible part of the matter," said the priest. "I was sent for by the dying man, and he told me his dreadful secret. 'Father,' said he, 'I committed a great sin six years ago—I set fire to Ivanofka.' 'What!' I cried; 'it was the peddler, Fedia'— But he interrupted me, saying: 'I set fire to the house to reverge myself on the owner, who had caused me to be taken as a soldier. Uncle Fedia passed a night in the mill after selling me a pot of tar. I thought that he suspected me then, and on the day of the trial he came to me and said with an earnest air:

"'There is going to be a terrible piece of business; they are going to condemn Akonlina to Siberia. Perhaps she is innocent. I would not listen, but threatened him so fiercely that he went away frightened. Ah! what a good man he was—he pitied the woman and her little children and sacrificed himself to save them. Oh, miserable wretch that I am! how can I hope to obtain pardon!' He died a few minutes after his confession."

Without losing a moment we took the priest to the governor of the province, and the latter on hearing the declaration wrote to the authorities in Siberia.

Months of fruitless correspondence ensued. Owing to the lack of particulars furnished them they could not make sure as to which convict our magistrate referred. At last the governor general of Siberia closed the correspondence, refusing to investigate further.

"Do you suppose it possible," he wrote, "for me to trace a man named Fedia throughout the Russian possessions in Asia? Do you think there is only one vagabond of that name? During the past year two Fedias died in the hospital at Tomsk and three at Tobolsk, not to mention several in other places."

When the failure of the search became known Akonlina brought a basket of fresh eggs to the priest, and asked him to celebrate divine service for the soul of poor Uncle Fedia. The widow, with her children and all the villagers, went to the church at the appointed hour, and as we knelt there I seemed to see the old man in his ragged pelisse shrinking before the angry faces in the court room. Many persons who had frowned at him that day were in the church, and they now shed tears as they thought of him dying in a hospital at Tomsk or Tobolsk—heaven alone knows where.—Translated from the Russian for Short Stories by Isabel Smithson.

MANY YEARS A MANIAC.

A MAN WHO HAS BEEN INSANE TELLS HOW THE FEELING SEEMS

He Explains His Peculiar Hallucination. Began Musing Over Immortality—His Fad Was to Get Rich by Raising Radishes—All Men Seem to Be His Enemies.

I was once insane, and I often muse over my experience. There are of course many kinds of insanity. Some mental disorders take place so gradually that even the closest companions of the victim are at a loss to remember when the trouble began. It must have been this way in my case. One evening, after an oppressively warm day, a day when I experienced more fatigue from the heat than ever before or since, I sat on my porch fanning myself. "This arm that is now in motion," I mused, "must one of these days be dust. I wonder how long will the time be."

Then I mused upon the evidence I had of immortality. I could do things that other people could not accomplish. I had gone through battle after battle, and though bullets sang and struck around me as thick as hail, yet I remained uninjured. I had passed through epidemics of yellow fever. My idea gained strength as I mused, and I was convinced that I should live forever. No, this cannot be, for death follows all men alike.

Yes, I am to die like other men, and I believe that it is my duty to make the most of life; to make money and enjoy myself, and to educate my children. I wanted to be rich, and I began to study over an imaginary list of enterprises.

THE RADISH SCHEME.

At last I hit upon radishes. People must have radishes. They should be in every shop. They could be dried and sold in winter. I would plant fifty acres with radish seed, and people all over the country would refer to me as the "radish king." I would form a radish syndicate, and buy up all the radishes and travel and be admired. I hastened to the house to tell my wife that she was soon to be a radish queen. At the breakfast table I said, "Julia, how would you like to be a radish queen?" "A what!" she exclaimed.

I explained my plan of acquiring great wealth, and during the recital she behaved so curiously that I was alarmed. I feared that she was losing her mind. Finally she seemed to understand. She agreed with me, but told me not to say anything more about it. After breakfast I saw her talking earnestly with her father, and I know that she was explaining to the old gentleman how she intended to pay his debts when I became known as the radish king. The old man approached me with much concern, and told me that I needed rest and that I must not think of business.

He was old and sadly worried, and I promised him that I would not think of business. Pretty soon I went out to inspect my radish kingdom. Looking round I saw the old man following me. From the field I went to the village. I approached a friend and I told him how I intended to become rich. He seemed grieved, and I saw at once that he was contemplating the same enterprise. It seemed mean that he should take advantage of me and I told him so. He tried to explain, but he made me so angry that I would have struck him if my father-in-law had not come up and separated us.

CURED AT LAST.

I tried to calm myself, but could not. Those who had been my friends proved to be my enemies, and I was determined to be avenged; but before I could execute my will I was seized by several men. My father-in-law did not attempt to rescue me, and I hated him. I was taken to prison. My wife came to see me, but she did not try to have me released. I demanded a trial, but no lawyer would defend me.

Then I realized that the entire community was against me. I became so wroth that my anger seemed to hang over me like a dark cloud. It pressed me to the floor, and held me there. Men came after a long time and took me away, I thought, to another prison. One day a cat came into my cell, and I tried to bite her. She made the hair fly, but I killed her.

I don't know how long I remained here, but one morning the sun rose and shone in at me through the window. It seemed to be the first time that I had seen the great luminary for months. A mist cleared from before my eyes. My brain began to work, and suddenly I realized that I had been insane. I called the keeper, and when he saw me he exclaimed, "Thank heaven!" and grasped my hand.

I was not long in putting on another suit of clothes and turning my face toward home. A physician said that I was cured, and everybody seemed bright and happy at my recovery. I went home. My wife fainted when she saw me and learned that I had recovered my mind. I asked for my little children, and two big boys and a young lady came forward and greeted me. I had been in the asylum twelve years.—Pearson's Weekly.

African Wit.

Stanley told a friend a story which illustrates the African's quickness of retort. "I was talking with one of the Ugangas," said Stanley, "while a monkey the native had tamed was jumping from limb to limb of a tree near by. In a spirit of fun I said: 'You are not so very much unlike monkeys. You Ugangas speak to each other after a fashion, and the monkeys make signs to each other. They understand each other, and that's all you can do when you talk. Neither you nor the monkeys know anything that is going on outside of these great forests.'

"The Uganga man thought for a moment, and then ran up to the monkey, that had perched on a low limb near us. Bending over the monkey, the man blew on the monkey's back, separating the fur as a furrier does in exhibiting a skin to a purchaser. Then he turned to me and pointed with a triumphant gesture to the monkey, saying, 'Monkey skin white; Uganga man's black.'"—New York Sun.

SANTA CLAUS SOAP.
YOU ASK ME WHY 'TIS SANTA CLAUS?,
THE REASON'S PLAIN I HOPE,
AS GOOD SAINT NICK'S THE FAVORITE SAINT,
SO IT'S THE FAVORITE SOAP.
BRINGS JOY TO THE HEARTS OF ALL HOUSEKEEPERS.
MADE ONLY BY
N.K.FAIRBANK&Co. CHICAGO.

THE CURVATURE OF THE EARTH.

Reasons Why It Is Impossible for the Naked Eye to See the Roundness.

Generally speaking, we say that the curvature of the earth amounts to about seven inches to the statute mile; more exactly, it is 6.99 inches to the mile, or 7,962 inches for a geographical mile. Any amount of artificial assistance with optical instruments does not make it possible for the eye to perceive the least iota of curvature, even though the gaze is directed from the highest eminence. This is because the vision is not capable of comparing heights and distances. The effect of the known curvature of the globe may be illustrated in the following manner:

Take down your globe, place a book, pane of glass or even a ruler against it —either of the two objects first named being best adapted to such an experiment; you will observe instantly that the book or pane only touches in one point, the globe's surface falling away in all directions from the point of contact.

Now suppose the ocean's surface to be calm and frozen, and a sheet of glass many miles square laid upon it. At one mile from the place of contact the glass will stand out nearly 8 inches (this measurement being upon the ocean, the mile is a nautical one), in fact, will lack but .038 of an inch of being 8 inches from the pane; at three miles it will be 6 feet, at nine miles 54 feet and so on. The number of feet of depression is equal to two-thirds of the square of the number of miles for any observable distance.

The atmosphere plays an important part in estimating the visibility of objects. On this account part of this depression must be canceled to make good the phenomenon of refraction, which causes objects of all kinds to appear higher than they would if there were no atmosphere. Careful measurements have shown that the error from refraction averages more than one-seventh of that from curvature. The rule, therefore, commonly used for correction of curvature and refraction is: Square the number of miles and take four-sevenths of it for the correction in feet. Thus, if an object is visible at a distance of five miles we may know that its height is at least 14½ feet.

Or, if the height of a visible object is known—say 100 feet—take one-fourth of this, multiply by seven and take the square root of the product (which gives the distance of the object), in this instance a fraction of over thirteen miles. A man swimming in the ocean can perceive a tower 200 feet high and nineteen miles away as a mere speck on the horizon; but if the man were elevated 100 feet above the surface of the water he could plainly perceive a tower 100 feet high at a distance of twenty-six miles.—St. Louis Republic.

The Colors of Cigars.

One of the most interesting things to me, being an ex-member of the trade, is to study the simple little brands on the ends of the cigar boxes in the tobacconists' stores and wonder how many of the people who use the contents know the meaning of the word, "claro," etc. Nowadays a smoker calls for a light, medium or dark colored cigar as his fancy dictates. To the dealer, however, there is a nicer and more exact method of naming the shade. "Claro," for instance, stands for the lightest shade of all and is mostly found in the cheaper grade of twofers. About the palest in color of the ordinary cigar is the "Colorado." Then comes "Colorado Maduro," next "Maduro," and lastly "Oscuro," which is the darkest, heaviest cigar made. The "Colorado Maduro" and "Maduro" shades are the most sought for in the best grades of domestic cigars, while consumers of imported brands run to "Maduro" and "Oscuro."

It seems difficult to get a really good imported cigar that is not dark colored. All of them are strong, and while many men affect the darkest, high priced kinds, I believe that but few of them really enjoy them. As good a cigar as any man need smoke can now be bought for ten and fifteen cents. A few experts may find value and solace in a tin foil covered twenty-five cent weed, but when anything over a quarter is paid it is money thrown away for ornaments like tin foil, band, fancy linings to box, etc. At present prices of tobacco and labor a manufacturer can't put a value of fifty cents in one cigar unless he folds in twenty-five cents' worth of postage stamps, and yet many people smoke these expensive sorts.—Chicago Journal.

Terrorized by a Balloon.

An account which recently appeared in The Novoe Vremya of a balloon voyage from St. Petersburg to a point not far beyond Lake Ladoga conveys a striking picture of the benighted condition of the Russian peasantry, even within a few hundred miles of the capital. The balloon in question, containing a Col. Pomostzeff and Count Covanko, descended at a place called Moustoi, in the government of Oletz, 300 versts from St. Petersburg, and this is what followed:

There was a general panic. The peasants thought the anti-Christ was descending from the sky, and that the end of the world was come. Women screamed, children cried and all the inhabitants were well nigh out of their wits from fear. Soon from the wood came the women who had been gathering mushrooms, running as fast as their legs could carry them. "A house," they cried, "has come down from the sky with wonderful strangers in it!"

The peasants thereupon hid themselves in the village as best they could, with the exception of a few bold fellows, who took their hatchets and cudgels and proceeded cautiously to the forest. It was long before these latter, who assisted to convey the apparatus to the village, could prevail upon their fellow villagers to come out of their hiding places.

The aeronauts spent the night in this village, and in the morning marched back, the balloon being packed on a sledge, because there was not a wheeled vehicle in the place.

The Morning vs. the Evening Pipe.

It has been ofttimes debated whether the morning pipe be the sweeter, or that first pipe of the evening which "Hesperus, who bringeth all good things," brings to the weary with home and rest.

The first is smoked on a clearer palate and comes to unjaded senses like the kiss of one's first love, but lacks that feeling of perfect fruition, of merit recompensed, and the goal and the garland won, which clings to the vesper bowl. Whence it comes that the majority give the palm to the latter, to which I intend no slight when I find the incense that arises at matins sweeter even than that of evensong. For, although with most of us who are laborers in the vineyard, toilers and swinkers, the morning pipe is smoked in hurry and fear and a sense of alarms and excursions and fleeting trains, yet with all this there are certain halcyon periods sure to arrive—Sundays, holidays and the like—the whole joy and peace of which are summed up in that one beatific pipe after breakfast, smoked in a careless majesty like that of the gods "when they lie beside their nectar and the clouds are lightly curled."

Then only can we be said really to smoke. And so this particular pipe of the day always carries with it festal reminiscences; memories of holidays past, hopes for holidays to come; a suggestion of sunny lawns and flannels, and the ungirt loin; a sense withal of something free and stately, as of "faint march music in the air," or the old Roman cry of "Liberty, freedom and enfranchisement."—Scots Observer.

Habits of an Old Painter.

Sidney Cooper, a famous and favorite English painter and R. A., now 87 years young, as the Autocrat would say, devotes five or six hours a day to painting, and possesses excellent health and unimpaired eyesight. He rises at 7 and works till 8, when he breakfasts on oatmeal porridge, bread and fresh milk. At 12 he lays down his brush for luncheon, and at 3 cleans his palette for the day, and goes to walk. At 6 he dines, and at 10 he goes to bed, and he believes that every man who lives with equal abstemiousness, relinquishing tea and coffee, and taking little wine, may do his work as well, and bear his burden of years as lightly on the verge of 90 as it his own happy fortune to do.—Harper's Bazar.

A Wonderful Picture.

Directly after the great Johnstown flood, some time during June, at any rate, D. S. Wingrove, superintendent of the marble yard at the penitentiary at Baltimore, found a slab of marble with lines and veins which made a perfect picture of the fated city of Johnstown and the surrounding country. The sky is plainly marked, as are also the hills and mountains surrounding the town. Piles upon piles of ruins are marked, with an occasional steeple or toppling wall overhanging the scene of awful destruction. Taken all in all, the scientists consider it one of the most wonderful natural formations ever found in America.—St. Louis Republic.

Wisdom.

Little Girl—Mrs. Hightone says our preacher is austere. What does that mean?

Little Boy—Huh! You girls don't know beans. If she says our preacher is a steer she means he's a bully preacher. —New York Weekly.

A MISER SEES SATAN.

THE DEVIL CAUGHT HIM STEALING AN ACTOR'S FIREWOOD.

His Satanic Majesty Was Only Impersonated, but the Hotel Keeper Thought It Was a Real Vision—Milton Nobles Reforms a Penurious Landlord.

Milton Nobles is a brilliant conversationalist and a good story teller. Among the many anecdotes credited to him, the following experience which he relates will prove interesting reading:

In 1867, during my first year of theatrical life, I was a member of a small traveling "Black Crook" company, under the management of the late Tom Davey. We were playing small towns in Wisconsin and Minnesota. One cold January night found us in a little town in Wisconsin, where the theatre and hotel were under one roof, and owned and run by one man.

The man has been in recent years well known to professionals, and there are many stories extant of his peculiarities. He was very wealthy, but a confirmed miser. A stranger entering his hotel would invariably pick him out as the porter, and indeed he performed the most menial offices, even to blacking the boots of his guests if asked to do so. Yet he always kept a good hotel. On "show" nights he cleaned out the dressing rooms and acted as janitor in general.

From the second story of this hotel there was a hallway leading to the stage. The actors were usually assigned to the rooms along this hall, and would occasionally use their rooms as dressing rooms at night, a proceeding to which the old man seriously objected. The old man would watch the doors like a cat, and as soon as a room was vacated he would let himself in with a pass key, and if the gas was left burning he would turn it out. He would also gather every stick of wood from the rooms and redeposit them in the big box at the top of the office stairs.

THE DEVIL.

I was playing two or three characters in the piece, among others that of Zamiel. My room was near the stage door, and I could hear the orchestra and so tell just how long I could safely remain in the room before my scene would come on. I finished my first character, and taking my costume for the Devil went to my room to make the change. The dress was a combination of flaming red, black and green, tight fitting, with big bat wings. The feet were long and pointed, with cloven hoofs; there was a close fitting skull cap with two protruding horns. I made the face a flaming red, with large pieces of green foil paper under the eyes.

There were a large skull and cross bones on my breast, with red foil paper set in the eye sockets. The long scarlet tail was forked at the end and illuminated with foil papers. As I completed this satanic toilet I could hear the orchestra playing the ballet music of the grotto scene, so I knew that I should not be wanted for at least twenty minutes. I dropped two or three pieces of pine wood on the open grate fire, and drawing a big chair to one side of the grate seated myself comfortably for a short snooze, placing my feet in another chair directly in front of the grate, and hitching Zamiel's forked tail gracefully over my right shoulder.

I was just dropping off when the door was opened softly, and by a reflection in the mirror I could see the old landlord sneak into the room. His eagle eye missed me, half hidden in the big chair, but lit on the single gas jet burning at full head. He turned it off quickly and moved toward the well filled woodbox; he filled his arms full, leaving two or three small pieces as a blind, and turned. This movement brought him face to face with the apparition in the big chair. The darkened room illuminated by the glare from the burning pine added a weird effect to the scene. The wood fell from the nerveless arms, and his lower jaw dropped to the point of dislocation. I remained motionless, staring at him through my green foil eyes.

THE MISER SCARED.

The old miser seemed to have grown to the floor; he must have stood for thirty seconds without breathing. Finally his breath came with a gasp and a gurgle. With one hand I gently shook that forked tail, the end of which was standing on a level with my head. Raising my arm slowly I leveled at him the long red foil tipped finger. With a gasp he rushed for the door. As he reached it I stood erect, my back to the fire, scratching my ear with the tip of my tail. The old man gave one glance over his shoulder, and, with an unearthly scream, fell against the door, and seemed trying to push it through; but the door opened in. I took one step toward him, and he gave another screech and tried to jump through the transom.

At that moment Tom Davey, my roommate, pushed the door open and the old man fell across the threshold. He gathered himself quickly and flew wildly into the hall. I explained the situation briefly to Davey. Opening the door he looked down to where the main hallway intercepted the main hall. In a fit of wild extravagance the miser had turned the gas full on and stood staring in the direction of our door. The old man motioned to Tom and asked whether he had seen anybody in the room. Tom assured him that there was no one in the room. "What! Nothing at all?" "Nothing at all," answered Tom. The old man stared at him vacantly for a moment and then sneaked down to the office, keeping one eye over his shoulder.

It is said that for a year or two afterward he never entered an actor's room to turn down the gas or rob the woodbox; but gradually the force of habit became stronger than the terrors of memory. A few years ago he died miserably, leaving millions for others to squander.—Atlanta Constitution.

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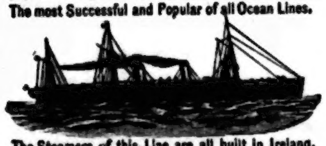

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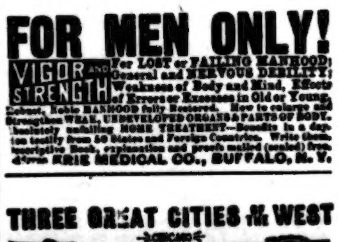

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St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusse, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Foix, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

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St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4428 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 798 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; B Smith, F S; E S Aabenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North avs.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnetz, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Ealer, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McGhee, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 860 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Wabansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Farel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schiltz, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 258 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 236 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawton, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 239 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M. Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson avs.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 243 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

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St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

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McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st, 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

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Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

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St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

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Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 669 S Halsted-st; P. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2106 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 653 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Wm. Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st; Fin. Sec., James E. O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 423 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

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Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Eigesman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 86 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 396 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2863 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3136 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres., M. J. Ryan, 287 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 21 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Henely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare- Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 2 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres. Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V.-P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1220 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John S. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHerna, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J. P. Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec. Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas. Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3100 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Biren; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres. Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Tuohy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reordan. Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 3 p m.

Div. 2—Pres. Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas., D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3525 South Halsted st, at 3 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Level, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill Cent. R. R., South Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 378 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec. sec, John Fitzmaurice, 249 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts.

Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; rec sec, Edw Quinn, 550 W 21st st; fin sec, Thos. Moran; treas. Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice-pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec, M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourty. Meet the third Sunday each month at 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st; vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec. Peter Callaghan, cor Western & Aarcher avs; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney. Meet first Saturday each month at Larney Hall, BBrighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Nebraska st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn. 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. L. Keys; treas, P Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at 3 p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts.

Div. 33—Pres, P.H. Chambers, Hyde Park; vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thomas Kenny, 108 39th st; fin sec, Patrick McGrath; treas, Henry Lynch.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

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FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Organized Feb. 6, 1865. Meet at hall 227 [illegible] West Harrison-st., on the 1st and 3d Mondays of each month at 8 p. m. President, C. Cummins, 11 Gurley-st.; 1st V.-P., J. J. Daly. 2nd V.-P., Peter Reed; Sec'y, J. Cummins, 11 Gurley-st.; Ass't Sec'y, James Hackett, 95 Gurley-st.; Treasurer, John Shannon, 113 Park-[illegible]

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 2 p. m. Thomas Croak, President, 96 Walnut-st.; 1st V.-P., A. J. Foley; 2nd V.-P., M. Hayes; Rec. Sec., John T. O'Connor, 519 Austin av.; Fin. Sec., P. Kavanagh; Ass't. Sec., P. J. Sheehy; Treas., Edward Hayes; Marshal, R. J. Nash.

HOLY FAMILY T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Organized Sept. 8, 1878. Meet at their hall corner May and Eleventh-sts., the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. Pres., P. J. Doyle, 714 Loomis-st.; V.-P., S. Riordan; Sec., P. M. McCaffrey, 565 W. Twelfth-st.; Asst. Sec., D. W. Murphy; Fin. Sec., J. E. Cooney; Treas., J. W. Prinderville; Marshal, M. F. Carroll.

SACRED HEART T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets in basement of church, first Sunday every month at 4 p m. John A. Byrnes, President; John J Griffin, V-P; James W Griffin, Secretary, 839 S Halsted st; John Jennings, Ass't Sec; Patrick Griffin, Treas; James Lynch, Marshall.

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ST. PIUS' T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Organized 1874. Meets the first Sunday of each month in School hall, corner of Ashland-av. and Twentieth-st. President, John D. O'Sullivan, 176 Moore-st.; V-P, T McEnany; Cor Sec, E Quinn, 664 W Twenty-first st; Fin Sec, Wm Devereux, 720 W Twenty-first st; Treas, John Foley; Marshal, Thos Meagher; Spiritual Director, Rev E Muldoon.

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ST. GABRIEL'S BRANCH NO. 218—Meet the first and third Thursday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in school hall, corner Forty-fifth and Wallace sts. Pres, Austin J. Kilkenny, Transit House; V-P, J. C. White; Cor Sec, D. J. Fair 43d and Emerald-av; Fin Sec, J. F. Molony Treas, J. B. Hartnett.

St. Stephens Branch, No. 117, C. K. A., meets on the third Sunday of every month, at 3 o'clock p. m., in the reading room attached to St. Patrick's church, Desplaines street. The following are the officers for the current year:

President, Edward McCormick; vice-president, John Conway; recording secretary, Mark Sharkey, 346 North Wood street; financial secretary, M. A. O'Brien, 244 Wabansia avenue treasurer, Patrick Dolan, 230 North Clark street. All information regarding the association be had by applying to any of the above.

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Would Have Preferred Ingratitude.

"Ah, then, miss, would you be tellin' a poor old woman where St. Mary's home is?"

The fashionably dressed young woman thus addressed stopped as she was walking in Broadway and looked down on a ragged old crone, the picture of squalor and ill health. Her first inclination was to get away as quickly as possible from the unsavory object, but pity prevailed and she said:

"I'm going past the home myself. Follow me and I'll point it out to you when I get there."

Then [illegible] again. If the old woman had only been content to follow quietly the young one would have felt sufficiently rewarded for her kindness by the consciousness of a good deed done; but the old one began in a loud sing-song to praise the Lord for sending her so lovely and beautiful a lady to lead her to the home.

"Glory be to God!" she almost shouted. "The Lord rest the souls of all the dead belongin' to ye! May the heavens be yer bed, and every hair in yer head a candle 'round yer coffin to light ye to glory! Holy mother send ye a rich husband and a fine big family!" and so on, all through crowded Fourteenth street, to the vast amusement of the people and the overwhelming confusion of the bashful benefactor, who could hardly restrain herself from running away.—New York Tribune.

Renting Out Bibles.

There is a firm in town that hires out Bibles. There is a popular impression that every family possesses a Bible, a Dictionary and a copy of Shakespeare. This impression, like many popular impressions, seems to be an erroneous one. The Bibles thus hired out are expensive ones and suitable to hand over to a fashionable clergyman or a bishop, if a church dignitary so high as a bishop is favoring the family in question with a call or visit. Such an interesting religious episode in the life of a fashionable family as the appearance of a bishop is usually known in advance, and the Bible is secured in proper time.

The leaves between the old and new testament are, of course, perfectly blank, and if a representative of the church should chance to turn to them he would find that his fashionable friends were alarmingly destitute of genealogical records. Such a discovery would strike the family discovered with more horror than it would any one else. They seem willing, however, to take the chances. Men who hire out the Bibles demand a deposit in every case, and charge $2 a night.—New York World.

Buffalo Herds a Half Century Ago.

I think I can truly say that I saw in that region in one day more buffaloes than I have seen of cattle in all my life. I have seen the plain black with them for several days' journey as far as the eye could reach. They seemed to be coming northward continually from the distant plains to the Platte to get water, and would plunge in and swim across by thousands—so numerous were they that they changed not only the color of the water, but its taste, until it was unfit to drink; but we had to use it. One night when we were encamped on the south fork of the Platte they came in such droves that we had to sit up and fire guns and make what fires we could to keep them from running over us and trampling us into the dust. We could hear them thundering all night long; the ground fairly trembled with vast approaching bands, and if they had not been diverted wagons, animals and emigrants would have been trodden under their feet.—Gen. John Bidwell in Century.

What New England Reads.

It is interesting to know what are the reading tastes of such a typical New England town as Springfield, Mass. The city report of its public library shows, of course, that works of fiction are most in demand, with Edna Lyall, Walter Besant, E. P. Roe, Amelia B. Edwards, W. D. Howells, Jane Austen, Amelia Barr and Scott, Dickens and Thackeray as the most generally read authors. Next to works of fiction come biography, travels, science, education, history and theology, in the order named. Among historical works everything relating to the civil war is greedily read by all classes, but especially by Grand Army men. In fact, it is difficult to supply the demand for some of these books. Of French books, the one most read is Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables." The demand for German books is light. Shakespeare is read principally by the pupils of the public schools.—Exchange.

Artificial and Natural Gas.

Professor Shaler is of the opinion that what is popularly termed natural gas is destined to speedy exhaustion, but he thinks its effects on the economic methods of our civilization are certain to be enduring, and that the superior cleanliness and convenience of gas as a fuel will bring the world to the use of manufactured gas for fuel purposes when the supply of natural gas has given out, and in those localities where the geological formation is such that the discovery of natural gas cannot be hoped for.—New York Telegram.

Looking Forward.

Tommy is very hard on shoes and trousers. His mother understands this and governs herself accordingly when she goes shopping.

One day, while out with another lady, she was buying cloth for a pair of pantaloons for Tommy, and ordered a good deal more than seemed necessary.

"Why do you get so much?" asked her friend.

"Oh," was the reply, "this is for reserved seats!"—Youth's Companion.

Utilizing Waste.

Blood is manufactured into door knobs; shutters and doors are made from wood pulp; sawdust is a most useful article; dust and dirt are transformed into multitudinous building materials, while the waste products of the gas house are more valuable, if possible, than the original substance.—Baltimore Herald.

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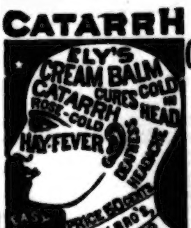

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CLARA T. MARTIN and
ELLEN R. MARTIN,
Executrices.

Dated Chicago, November 12, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

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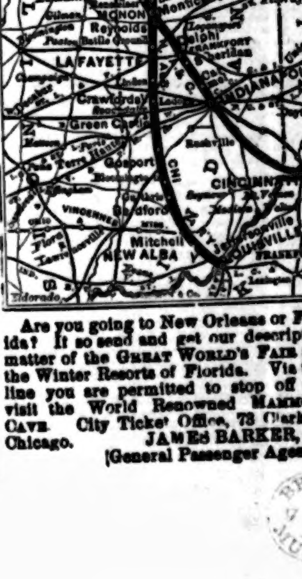

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